The Saturday Evening Post.

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BESIDE THE FENDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Sitting by the glowing fender,
Where the yule log is ablaze,
Memory sings to me a tender
Heart song of the vanished days—
Of the blissful dreams I cherished
In the summers long agone,
And the dear hopes that have perished
While the years were drifting on.

As the flickering fire-light flashes
Widely through the door ajar,
There are tears upon my lashes,
For the loved ones who now are
Sleeping in Death's silent chambers,
Where about the sculptured stone,
Tenderly the ivy clambers
Hiding the dear name thereon.

Oh, the dreary loss, the longing
For the bright eyes seen no more;
Oh, the tender memories thronging
Through the heart's wide open door,
Till I hear sweet voices calling
To me as the night grows late,
In the wind low footsteps falling
Softly by the outer gate.

Mine the sorrow to inherit,
Theirs the glory and the peace,
Mine the sad and haunted spirit,
Theirs the joys that never cease.
Oh, my loved ones, safely chambered
'Neath the pall of snow-flecked flowers,
Dearest, best-beloved, remembered
Ever in my waking hours;

Dear ones, who, when sleep is blessing
With oblivion my pain,
Come my aching brow caressing
With the old-time touch again.
I am nearing, slowly nearing
The far off re-union shore;
And this thought my heart is cheering—
We shall part, ah, never more!

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER IX.

The next day Mrs. Gresham and Maud returned, and Milly was obliged to exercise a little self-control—probably the effort did her good. Miss Maud was more tiresome than usual, for she wanted to be confidential and relate some romantic episode that had befallen her during her absence; but as Milly soon discovered from her self-contradictions that one portion or the other of the story must be a lie, and was ill-natured enough to point out the discrepancies, Maud flew off in a passion, after lavishing a few flowers of rhetoric on her cousin, and went to visit her sister, Mrs. Ramsay, who would listen with less discernment than Milly displayed.

Later, there came a bouquet and a brief note from Walter Thorman, saying that he should see her that night, but not a word in reference to the request she had sent him the day before—no reason for not having called to see her.

"He does not even condescend to excuse himself," thought Milly; "my letter was not worth so much as a mention."

That slight was more unpardonable than all which had gone before, and Milly inwardly vowed a hundred times that she would never, never forgive him, and brought her passion up to white heat again by the persistency with which she fastened upon that resolve.

It was *ci-devant;* there was to be a ball that night, given by one of the leaders of society in accordance with the fashion that we have of late years adopted from the Continental habit of breaking the austerities of Lent by at least one evening's relapse into dissipation.

Mrs. Gresham had hastened her return in order to be present; she told Milly it was on purpose to act as her chaperone; but Milly in her misanthropy and her new unbelief in everything and everybody, said to herself that if her aunt had not been as crazy over amusement as a girl of sixteen, she would have found plenty of reasons for not coming back, and would have left her (Milly) to provide herself with other countenance, or to stay at home if she did not succeed in that, which was very ungrateful on Milly's part, and the girl knew it, and was more irritable with her aunt on account of the knowledge.

Milly's dress was not finished; Milly declared boldly that she did not care whether she went or stayed away, and Mrs. Gresham was divided between wrath and astonishment as she forced her niece to go to work and sat down to assist her, for a good deal of Milly's finery had to be arranged by her own slender fingers, stylish and French as it looked. As it was too late in the season for her aunt to afford her the extravagance of a new gown, if she was engaged to a rich man, there was serious business on hand in hiding a silk already worn under some wonderful combination of ribbons and tulle.

"I thought you would have it finished," Mrs. Gresham said.

"I hate the sight of it," returned Milly; "I wish there were no such things as balls. I'd rather not go."

"Of course you must go," said Mrs. Gresham; "I never saw a girl like you—the wind is not more changeable! What on earth ails you lately, Milly?"

"Nothing," said Milly; "I hate parties."

She ripped off the trimming with a jerk from the silk skirt, tore the fresh tulle that was to cover it, and altogether made such work that if it had not been for Aunt Eliza's skill and patience, the ball dress would have been a remarkable spectacle.

"I could box that girl's ears with pleasure," thought Mrs. Gresham, but she restrained her temper. Milly was soon to be independent and rich; too severe a lecture would not be proper, considering her changed circumstances.

The evening came at last, and they were on their way to Mrs. Lytton's, with Milly, out of her passion and bitterness, wishing that she were being driven to her own funeral instead of a ball.

They had not been in the house long when Mrs. Dormer swam into the drawing-rooms more gorgeous than ever, in a dress which so lighted up her pale beauty that it seemed to have increased with the winter's dissipation, the late suppers, the interminable Germans, which had worn the freshness out of so many faces that had been youthful and blooming when the season commenced.

Of late, Leonie had paid very little attention to Milly or her girlish airs of state and dignity; she was growing into the habit of looking over Milly's head, unless they met absolutely face to face; not that she was angry or cared at all for her manner, except from its impertinence, or that which Mrs. Dormer called such.

To-night Milly vowed that she would not in any way notice her, even if Leonie addressed her outright; she neither cared how it looked or what people thought; she would not do it, and there was an end!

As ill luck would have it, when Milly was dancing her flounces caught in something, and her dress would have been absolutely ruined had not Mrs. Dormer chanced to be standing near. With her habitual good-nature she darted forward and extricated Milly, who was only giving fierce tugs that threatened utter annihilation to her draperies, while her partner made matters worse in trying to assist, with the awkwardness common to the male sex in the presence of such disasters. The skirt was loosened before Milly had time to see who it was that had aided her—she turned, exclaiming—"I am so much obliged—" saw that it was Leonie Dormer, and stopped with the sentence half complete, her face changing so quickly that a mole could have discovered she would rather have had body and soul torn into fragments, as well as her dress, than have been indebted to that woman for assistance.

Leonie saw it plainly, smiled down at her with a careless contempt which few women could have equalled, and said in her most indifferent voice—

"Pray don't thank me, Mademoiselle; I did it for the sake of the flutings; I cannot bear to see a pretty dress ruined," swept Milly an annihilating curtsey and was gone.

Between shame at her own rudeness, rage at the woman's cool scorn and various other contending emotions, Milly could with satisfaction have beaten the widow or pulled her own hair. But it was necessary to behave like other people; so she told Charley Wylde to take her up-stairs, that she might find some one to fasten her puffs and flutings. She could hardly stand still while the chambermaid was setting her to rights, and lamenting the misfortune, and congratulating her that it did not show in the least where it was pinned.

"Thank you," cried Milly sharply, in her impatience. "Any way will do—oh, I don't care how it looks."

She turned into the hall, took Charley's arm again and went down-stairs. The first sight that met her eyes was Walter Thorman dancing with her enemy—he had arrived during her absence, and Leonie had wickedly taken possession of him at once.

When the dance was over, he came up to Milly as she stood leaning against a pillar at the upper end of the great drawing-room, while Wylde searched for a glass of water, for her throat seemed on fire.

"At last!" exclaimed Thorman, "Oh, my dearest Milly, it has been an age since I saw you."

She turned upon him in a kind of suppressed fury.

"How dare you speak to me!" she exclaimed. "Don't come near me again to-night."

It was very absurd, I know, but considering all that she had undergone, perfectly natural; and it was just as natural, that Thorman, entirely ignorant of her cause for indignation—a real cause this time, since she had every reason to suppose that he received her note—should walk away from her without a word.

Mrs. Dormer was punishing her cruelly for her rudeness; Thorman was punishing her with a determination that this time she should learn what it was to make him really angry, and after that, both he and Leonie were led away by the mere power of coquetry.

They danced, they whispered, they were as careless of appearances as two people are when the man is furious against somebody he loves, and the woman a soured, embittered creature, who has rushed forth for an evening's excitement to escape recollections that called up the wretchedness and thraldom of her life too strongly to be endured.

Just as it began at a ball, so it ended! In the very room, the tiny, half-lighted boudoir, away from the glare and noise of the ball-room, where Walter Thorman had held Milly to his heart, and lifted her by his words into a new world—in that very spot, the beautiful realm which had been tottering and reeling for days, as if shaken by an earthquake, fell into fragments at Milly's feet, and crushed her heart under its ruins.

Milly had borne her torture until she could endure no further; she had danced and flirted with Charley Wilde, quite unconscious of what she did or said; and at last she must have a few moments to herself. She ran away to the first empty room she found—saw with a shudder, that she had entered the boudoir, but would not retreat. It was added wretchedness to stand there and recall the events of that night which looked so far off—only a few weeks gone, but seeming whole years away—and Milly forced the fresh agony mercilessly upon her heart.

She stood shrouded among the window-curtains when into the boudoir came Walter Thorman and Mrs. Dormer. They were laughing and talking, saying all manner of ridiculous things which each knew meant nothing whatever, for each knew the other well enough to understand that this gayety only arose from bitterness and trouble.

They were talking of the past—the days when Leonie Dormer had been a dreaming, happy girl; and before Milly had found reason enough to make her presence known, she heard words, which to her distorted senses, shook the very ground from under her feet.

"Never to love as he had loved then"—Milly caught those words from Thorman's lips; the rest of the sentence was spoken in French, so rapidly that it escaped her; she had no need to hear more—surely there had been enough!

Then she saw Thorman raise Leonie's gloved hand, that slender, beautiful hand, and touch it with his lips—and it seemed to Milly as if sparks of fire danced before her aching eyes—a whole volume of passionate utterance could not have meant more to her distorted fancy.

Mrs. Dormer uttered some laughing ejaculation, and as Thorman passed out by another door, she was floating away without seeing Milly, coming so close that the girl felt the touch of her dress, and shrank back with a faint exclamation, as if something noxious, deadly, had brushed against her garments.

Mrs. Dormer caught the sound and looked up—started a little, recovered herself immediately, and said, laughingly—

"Is it you, little Miss Milly? I did not see you."

The tone—the epithet—what seemed to Milly a cruel triumph in the dark eyes—all helped to make the girl more insane.

"It was quite natural that you should not," replied she, in a voice so sharp, that through all her rage and bewilderment, it struck her as strangely as if some evil spirit had hissed the words through her parched lips.

The voice was so full of insulting significance that Leonie could not resist saying—

"You place a more modest and proper estimate on yourself than I should have expected, dear Miss Milly."

"Have the goodness not to speak my name," exclaimed she; "I don't wish to hear it from your lips."

Leonie laughed outright; the scene appeared so ridiculous, Milly's manner and words so exaggerated, that she could not remain serious.

"Not tired of it already?" she asked, while Milly shook with a new spasm of fury at the sound of that cruel merriment. "Ah, you girls of to-day live too rapidly, you see."

"At least we have a sufficiently bad example in the women, old enough to know better," retorted Milly.

"You should take warning by it, child! Don't you see we good-naturedly make lighthouses of ourselves, to show you the way you ought to go—but it is very naughty of you to remind me of my immense age," and she laughed again.

Milly could have dashed her clenched hands in the creature's scornful face, and been glad to gratify the unfeminine impulse.

"You laugh—you dare to laugh!" she muttered, while her white teeth showed through the parted lips, set hard, like a vice.

"Verily, Mademoiselle, I have no great dread of so doing," replied Leonie, quietly. "But permit me to ask the meaning of this little private ball-room tragedy? I am out in my points from not having an idea of the part I am expected to play."

"You are always ready to act any part that is treacherous and false," replied Milly, too mad by this time to attempt the slightest restraint, or to care if she made herself ridiculous.

Leonie had wholly forgotten the little scene of a few moments before—so busy with her own thoughts that she had hardly noticed Thorman's kissing her hand—but she remembered it now, and knew that Milly must have witnessed it.

"Ah," said she, with malicious emphasis; "I begin to understand—you had not just entered the room!"

"I was here when you came," answered Milly, defiantly.

"And you stayed?"

"I stayed."

"That is," interrupted Leonie, "you remained quiet—listening!"

The retort was cruel, but Milly's unladylike manner had provoked it; besides she was startled at the idea that anybody had overheard their conversation, for they had spoken of that dreadful secret which weighed so heavily on her life.

"Not listening," returned Milly; "I neither heard nor wished to hear—but I saw—"

She broke off abruptly, suddenly recalled to a sense of the manner in which she was exposing her misery to her foe.

"Truly, you saw!" said Leonie, mockingly. "Dear me, how very shocking! Don't compromise me, I beg—that would be very heartless."

"If I had chosen, I could have done that before to-night," exclaimed Milly, with such meaning in her voice, that Leonie stared at her in wonder, while a sudden dread chilled her heart.

"May I ask the solution of these mysterious enigmas?" she asked, coldly, without a trace of the emotion that made her inwardly tremble, apparent in face or manner.

"It would be very easily given," Milly answered, laughing insolently, in her turn.

"Then I would advise you to offer it without delay," said Leonie, haughtily,

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

NEAR to the village of Bothwell, and situated on a beautifully sloping bank overhanging the Clyde, stand the majestic ruins of Bothwell Castle, the most imposing relic of castellated architecture in Scotland. In ancient times, Bothwell was a place of great feudal splendor, but now—

"The tufted grass lines Bothwell's ancient hall,
The fox peeps cautious from the crevised wall,
Where once proud Murray, Clydesdale's ancient lord,
A mimic sovereign, held the festal board."

Some idea of the former grandeur of this stately ruin may be formed, when we mention that its crumbling walls cover a space of two hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and ninety-nine feet in breadth. The walls are in some places fifteen feet thick, and in height nearly sixty feet.

The principal front looks towards the Clyde, and consists of a lengthened wall pierced with loop-holes and windows, and flanked by two enormous towers. The interior of the ruin presents the appearance of a large court, at the east end of which stood the chapel. Vestiges of the fosse which formerly surrounded the castle are still visible. The old well was discovered about seventy years ago in a corner of one of the towers, percolating through the rocks to a good spring. In the front wall, entering by a small opening from the court, is a circular cavern about twenty feet deep, and twelve in diameter. This cave is styled—for what reason we know not—"Wallace's Beef-barrel." In olden times prisoners were confined there. Within and around the walls are several towers, distinguished by the names Valence Tower, Douglas Tower, etc.

At what period of time this castle was permitted to fall into ruins is not known. It must, however, have been to a certain degree habitable during the stormy period of the Civil Wars, when it was occupied by the great Montrose, who dated from it a protection to Drummond of Hawthornden, by which the officers and soldiers under him were forbidden to injure or remove any property belonging to that elegant scholar. Little is now known as to the origin of this noble building. In the reign of Alexander the Second, the barony and castle of Bothwell were held by Walter Olifard, the Justiciary of Lothian, who died in 1242. Bothwell was besieged in 1337 by the Scots, who took it by storm and dismantled it. This was two years after Edward the Third resided in it for the space of twenty-six days. When the memorable battle of Bannockburn was fought, Bothwell Castle was held by a Sir Walter Fitz-Gilbert. Afterwards the conquering Bruce relieved him of his charge, and bestowed the castle and barony on Andrew Murray, Lord Bothwell, who had married his sister Christian Bruce. Archibald, Earl of Douglas, next obtained it by marrying the heiress of that family. After the forfeiture of the Douglasses, it was granted to the Crichtons; and on their forfeiture it was bestowed by James the Third on his favorite, John Ramsey. He being forfeited, James the Fourth gifted it to Adam Hebburn, Lord Hailes, whom he created Earl of Bothwell. It again reverted to the crown on the forfeiture of James, Earl of Bothwell, for the murder of Lord Darnley. From the crown it again passed into the hands of Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, who made himself so conspicuous in the succeeding reign for his conspiracies. After a lapse of years it again reverted to the Douglasses, through its alienation to the Earls of Angus in exchange for the Lordship of Liddesdale. In their possession it now is. "It has been observed," says an historian, in reference to Bothwell Castle, "that almost all its successive proprietors, up to the present family were unfortunate, as if the possession of it had been accompanied by a fatality inducing perfidy and disloyalty, and consequent exile or death."

"O Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair,"

is perhaps of all Scottish ballads the most touchingly tender and pathetic. To the rustic songstress who warbles forth the plaintive words attached to this air, while wandering at eve along the banks of the murmuring Clyde, it recalls the woes of the ill-fated countess, who thus wails forth her passionate sorrow over her base lord's desertion of her. To the exile afar from Scottish shores, it conjures up in all its distant beauty one of the loveliest scenes of his native land. In proof of the antiquity of this air, we relate the following incident, told in a book printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605:

While travelling through Palestine, a Scotchman observed a woman sitting at the door of a house, lulling her child to sleep to the tune of "Bothwell Bank." Overcome with emotion at hearing in this distant clime a strain so fondly familiar to his ear, the traveller addressed her, and discovered her to be a country-woman of his own, who, having wandered thus far from her Scottish home, had married a Turk of high rank. Charmed with the encounter, she introduced her countryman as a kinsman of her own, to her husband, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and whose influence was of real service to him during his stay in the country.

while her eyes blazed down upon the girl from under her frowning brows. "When one man insults another, there is always the satisfaction of a blow, or pistols at a convenient distance—we are women, but believe me, young lady, I am not weak enough or helpless enough to allow any human being to outrage me with impunity."

"I think, however, you would be slightly at a loss," said Milly, trying to imitate her proud composure.

"A mistake on your part, Miss Milly," replied Leonie, speaking quietly again, with the playful contempt in her voice which enraged Milly more than the harshest words could have done, seeming to say that she was a rude, unreasonable child, not to be treated with any show of seriousness.

"I make mistakes less often than you think, Mrs. Dormer."

"In this case you would find that you had made a very great one, little Miss Milly Crofton," returned Leonie, very much in the tone in which she might have reproved a pet dog; "I can avoid your impertinence by declining your acquaintance, but if you were to allow your rather unscrupulous tongue to say unpleasant things about me to others, I should undoubtedly punish you to the full extent of the law—"

"You decline my acquaintance," broke in Milly; "why—"

"One instant," said Leonie, "then you can employ your genius for vituperation at your leisure! I should do it, and I fear you would find the law no more tolerant of slanders uttered by such very pretty and such charmingly innocent lips than if they were spoken by a less highly-favored individual."

"There are people who cannot be slandered," exclaimed Milly, goaded on by the widow's contemptuous treatment; "people in regard to whom half the truth told even would be enough to make them shunned and abhorred."

"Really, Mademoiselle, either you have been reading too many sensation romances or you must number some peculiar people that I don't meet in society among your acquaintances," replied Leonie, still outwardly composed, though the chill at her heart spread like ice through her veins at Milly's bold words.

"At least I have met such a person," exclaimed Milly, "but he was an acquaintance of yours, not mine."

Leonie Dormer retreated a step and stood looking full at her with her fiery eyes.

"The mystery grows deeper," said she slowly, but now there was a tremor running through the scornful voice, and Milly caught it, and was so unwomanly in her passion that she rejoiced in having at last pierced the haughty woman's armor.

"You asked me to explain," cried Milly; "are you as anxious to have me do so as you were a moment since?"

"Whenever you can sufficiently come down from histrionics to do so rationally," answered Leonie, clutching desperately at the self-control which threatened to escape her.

"I fancy I can at least make myself intelligible," sneered this transformed Milly, who might have been startled could she have seen the passion-lined face with which she confronted her enemy.

"It would be somewhat more interesting to me than all this theatrical display, though I do full justice to your melodramatic talent," said Leonie.

"You shall have your way then—besides, I was requested to deliver a message."

"Now it is a message—more and more mysterious," pronounced Leonie, while her heart beat almost to suffocation, and her brain whirled under the conviction that in some inexplicable way hints at least of her dismal story were in the possession of this girl whom she had regarded as a pretty, thoughtless child, but who had unexpectedly turned upon her with the implacable fury of a Medea.

"Yes—a message," repeated Milly defiantly.

"How good of you to take so much trouble for a person whom you seem to hate with such energy," returned Leonie, trying for any careless words that would give her yet an instant's breathing space to call upon her strength before the stab, whatever it might be, should strike her.

"I did not seek the office," retorted Milly; "it was forced upon me—I had no desire to occupy myself about you or your secrets."

"Dear me, how could the knowledge have come to you? Have you been visiting an astrologer, Miss Crofton?"

"No matter where I received the tidings," said Milly; "all that can concern you are the words themselves."

"And those?"

"You wish to hear them?"

"Bless me, haven't I been trying to get the oracle to utter them for the last five minutes?" demanded Leonie, with a laugh that was so plainly hollow and forced that at a saner moment Milly would have been softened, but it only made her more unyielding now. "You are sure you did not dream the whole matter, Mademoiselle?"

"Of that you shall judge too."

"Oh, I don't believe you will ever give me the opportunity," cried Leonie, while the floor surged up and down under her feet like a ship in a tempest, the lights swam in one great globe of fire before her eyes, and the beat of the music struck her ear like the shriek of lost spirits rejoicing that the hour of her downfall had come at last.

"Yes, yes—don't be afraid of that," said insane Milly. "You remember the drive we took the other day—your sending Mr. Lasley and me out of the way—your fainting—the disappearance of the emerald ring—your positive denial that you had worn it—you remember?"

She had spoken so rapidly and with such venomous ire in her repressed tones that she had actually to pause for breath. Leonie Dormer stood motionless—not a muscle quivered—her eyes never wandered from Milly's face; despair and agony worse than the pangs of death tore at her soul, but she was prepared, and there was no show of emotion save the steely ring of her voice, as she made answer—

"I remember."

"I knew it was false," pursued Milly, rapidly; "false, false—like every word, every look of yours—"

Leonie interrupted her by one quick movement—it was as if she had started forward to tear the secret from the girl's lips, but in a second she had fallen back into her former passive attitude, and stood there waiting for the final thrust.

"You were right," hissed Milly, "it was not lost! I was right, too—you had lied!"

No movement from Leonie; unseen by either, a man paused on the threshold of the room, and stared in wonder at the faces of the two.

"I know," continued Milly, "that Philip Yates has guarded your gift carefully—for I saw the emerald ring upon his hand."

If the woman had been a beautiful statue of despair, she could not have remained more rigid and silent. A fresh tirade was on Milly's lips—the words died in an articulate murmur, for Mark Lasley walked quietly forward, and bowed to them both.

Milly was too far past reason to have any recollection of appearances; with one last glance of hatred at the motionless woman, she hurried away through the outer room, and took refuge in the dressing-room upstairs.

Lasley stood before Mrs. Dormer in silence, looking into her face with an expression of angry surprise and question.

"You, now," she said in a low, unnatural tone; "well, what is it?"

"May I ask the meaning of the singular scene I interrupted?" he asked, with ironical courtesy.

"It seems you were standing there unobserved," she replied; "there can be no necessity for questions."

"It is not my habit to listen, Mrs. Dormer," said he, angrily. "I looked in here just as that young lady was making her last speech, of which I could not help catching some words."

"Then, if you wish an explanation, you had better go and ask it from the small lunatic herself," returned Leonie, carelessly, seating herself in a chair, near—for her quivering limbs refused longer to support her.

"Some words I said I heard," he continued; "enough to know that she told the truth the other day when she said she saw the emerald ring on your finger! Who did she say had it, and was guarding your gift with such care?"

At least he had not caught the name; there was a little comfort in that; whatever his anger with her might be, he could not bring trouble or danger on himself.

Only that morning these two had sat together in the pleasant quiet of Leonie's library—and it had been so delightful to both: Lasley had forgotten all his suspicions, his impatience of her caprices—and Leonie had been soothed by the music of his words into oblivion of all that made it imperative upon her to separate her life forever from his, and had been beguiled into admissions which gave him a sort of right to demand an explanation of this new secret in which he discovered her to be entangled.

She could not have told how it came about; she wondered as soon as he left the house, at her own mad folly in being so lost to everything but the melodious whispers of his voice, the passionate splendor of his eyes, and the powerful thrall which the knowledge of his love cast over her will. He had painted the loneliness of his life in such moving words—had so dwelt upon the fact of needing at least the circumstances of her affection to help him to do right—had shown every emotion of his soul so freely, and had been so manly and patient withal, that she could not remember her stern resolve never to allow him to discover how near her heart had gone out in response to his; could not remember the dread necessity there was for her to cling fast to that decision, and to be pitiless to herself and him.

"Only say that you care for me, Leonie," he had pleaded; "I will not ask for a word of hope—I will submit to any terms you propose—but don't leave me alone in this terrible suspense. Say that you care for me—that no man's love is worth so much to you as mine, and I will wait years, if I must, for your decision—wait and steady my soul by repeating that dear assurance—Leonie, speak!"

"No man's love but yours was ever worth anything to me," she had answered, irresistibly impelled to speak, yet by the very sound of her own words, and the sight of his joy, roused to a consciousness of the error she had committed.

He had gone away obediently when she bade, so blest under that vague admission that Leonie was frightened at the consequences of her failure to abide by her resolution, and had worn this day out in anxious fears of the pain which her words might yet cause him—not herself, she did not think or care for that—she could bear anything, except seeing him suffer. Leonie knew that she loved him; that for the first time in her life her heart was wholly given up to an affection unreasoning and enthusiastic as that of a young girl, deepened by all the strength and stability of her womanhood. And now, after those brief hours, they met thus, and she heard his voice in angry question, and saw his eyes changed from their deep tenderness to the old look of suspicion that was such agony to her. Oh, life was too hard upon her—she could not endure it—she could not! Yet there she sat, pale and determined, giving no trace of the tumult that raged in her bosom, the almost uncontrollable longing to fall at his feet, begging him to kill her, but to let her soul go out with a last assurance of his love.

As he repeated the words that he had heard Milly Crofton speak, for an instant there was a pleading for mercy in her dilated eyes, but she uttered no word.

"And this is the woman that I left this morning," he went on, "believing myself cared for—loving with all the strength of my heart! Were you playing with me, Leonie Dormer—amusing yourself with my folly? For God's sake, speak—don't sit there like a beautiful stone image with neither heart or feeling."

"What do you expect me to say?" she asked in a voice that sounded cold and hard from the terrible effort she made to keep it from breaking into a moan.

"Anything—anything—I will believe you!" he cried, so tortured by his dread of losing her, that even the natural quick jealousy of his nature was swallowed up in it.

"I think the simple truth would be that Milly Crofton is crazy," she said more quietly, still hoping to ward off the estrangement that must come soon she knew. It was so hard to lose him—inevitable as she felt it to be, she could not resist trying to hold fast to his affection a little longer. When his tender care was gone out of her life, she should be wholly alone—oh, she could not lose him yet.

"She looked like a little fiend," replied he; "what on earth put her in such a state?"

"Now that, I can honestly say, I do not know! I was here talking to Walter Thorman, and after he had gone, she flew at me like a small tigress."

"You have teased her mercilessly; you know she is engaged to him—and—and"

"Well!"

"You and Thorman always act as if there was some secret between you."

"Excuse me," returned she, lapsing into her old coquettish way; "the young lady has favored me with a drama of jealousy already."

He was looking gloomily at her; dreading a quarrel, yet unable to repress his jealous anger.

"And the ring!" he asked. "Am I to know to whom it was given?"

"I did not give it," she answered, with a flash of her old spirit; "I shall answer no more questions—you must think what you will—but as heaven is above us, I did not give it."

"Then it was lost—stolen! Why not take measures to get it back since you know where it is?"

She remained silent.

"By heaven," he exclaimed, "then I'll try, and I warn you it shall fare ill with the hands in which I find it."

She rose from her seat and turned to leave the room.

"I can only say that if you interfere in this matter," she said very calmly, "you and I will not even be acquaintances any longer."

"Are you going to leave me like this, Leonie?" he pleaded.

"There is nothing more I can say," and her voice began to tremble. She paused a moment, and went on in a tone that sounded harsh and cruel. "Yes, one thing more! Go away from me—never seek or speak to me again—it will be for your happiness."

"And yours, Leonie!"

"Mine! Oh, I learned to let that take care of itself long ago," she replied with a laugh that was like a sob, and before he could speak again she was gone.

CHAPTER X.

As Milly ascended the stairs when she fled from Leonie's presence, Thorman chanced to see her, and followed her up to the dressing-room.

"May I come in, Milly?" he asked, pausing in the door.

She was standing in the centre of the floor—she turned quickly and said in a husky voice—

"Come in—yes, I want you—I have something to say—you must hear me. I set you free! You are a bad, false man—from this night I will never speak to you again."

"Milly!" he cried, absolutely frightened by her appearance.

"Don't call me by that name," she exclaimed; "never dare to speak it again."

"What ails you?" he asked. "Are you mad, child?"

"Yes—child!" she repeated with such horrible bitterness that all the suffering of the past weeks seemed to burst out upon it. "That is what you thought me—a child!"

He caught her hands and held them fast in spite of her struggles.

"Don't look so," he said; "stand still, Milly! What is the matter?"

"Let go my hands!" she exclaimed.—"Don't touch me—don't come near me."

He was so startled by her emotion, and his dread of its effect upon her, that there was no room in his mind for anger.

"I love you, child," he said, roused into an earnestness that had never warmed his voice before; "you know that I love you, dearest child!"

She forced herself away from him, pushed him back and stood leaning against the window-sill, panting for breath.

"You loved me as you would a child," she broke out. "I tell you I am a woman now—strong to love, strong to hate, and I hate you—hate you with a force my love never had—hate you for the knowledge you have brought to me—hate you for the woman's experience that has taken away my youth—hate you for what you are, for what you have made me!"

"Milly, Milly!" he could only exclaim, standing stunned by this passionate utterance, this outburst of fiery strength from the creature who had been his plaything and his toy.

The real nature, which happiness might have developed slowly, had sprung to sudden maturity, distorted and warped under the suffering of the past weeks and the madness of the past hour. Milly's childish innocence, Milly's May-day was gone forever.

"What has made you like this?" he demanded. "Speak to me—explain."

"Explain?" she repeated. "I was here in this room—I saw and heard you!"

"You are wrong," he returned; "I see what you think, but you are mistaken. I love you, Milly, I love you!"

"If I were a man I would strike you to the floor for daring to say the word," she cried. "You don't love me—you don't know me! You loved a child—I am a woman, hard and strong."

Her passion revolted him; he began to grow angry.

"You act like a crazy thing," he said. "Speak sensibly—explain what you wish."

"Go out of this room," she answered; "and as you go, remember that you pass out of my life forever—go!"

Then his mood changed; his anger subsided; there was a depth, a fearful reality in her manner and words which he had not understood at first. He could not lose her in this way; here was a revelation he had little expected! Could this furious, unyielding woman, be the child whom he had played with and sought to punish into obedience?

"Only listen to me, Milly—"

"There is no need; I tell you I saw and heard."

"But you are mistaken—let me explain—"

"Oh, stop!" she interrupted, with a gesture of absolute abhorrence. "There has been falsehood enough—deceit enough! I don't know why you lied to me and trifled with me out of your pitiful man's vanity—but don't attempt it any more."

"How dare you say that I have lied?" he exclaimed. "By what right do you suspect me of treachery? I tell you that what you saw and heard is easily explained—"

"I want no explanation—I will hear none!"

"Then you are murder that I thought."

"Not mad now—coming to my senses. I have been mad! Oh, I don't care for to-night—that was only the proof! But those weeks of wretchedness—the misery you have made me endure. These I don't forgive—I never will."

"And have I had nothing to endure, Milly?" he asked, controlling himself from the very sight of her agitation. "Have I had nothing to complain of?"

"Nothing," she retorted; "nothing!"

"Do you call your caprices, your ill temper nothing?"

"There has been only what you brought upon us both; you goaded me into my caprices and bad temper."

Had she been jealous of Leonie Dormer from the first—jealous and concealed it as long as she was able, so that all her annoying ways, her perversity, had been little outbursts from that silent well of trouble? Later he knew that from the beginning she had been annoyed by his friendship for Leonie, but he believed that she had snatched at that as a pretext to indulge her willfulness, not that her faults had grown out of the feeling.

Naturally his temper was very hasty, but he had much more self-control than Milly, and the beginning of these thoughts made him able to reason and plead with her.

"Perhaps I have been wrong," he said, "but it was unintentional; I beg you to believe that."

These were words which Walter Thorman had never expected to speak to his little blossom—a concession which might have led to good results had it come earlier, for it meant a good deal when one considered his character and the patronizing nature of his affection for Milly; but coming now, the words seemed a fresh insult to her.

"If I have been wrong," she exclaimed, "I am not sorry! If I have made you feel, I am glad—it was very little I could do to repay the suffering you brought upon me."

"Why were you silent, Milly—why did you not speak?"

"Was I to beg for your love, Walter Thorman—creep to your feet like a whining dog?"

"If you had spoken! I thought you careless, as girls are—"

She broke in upon him again.

"I know! You thought me a child—a baby. I tell you once more that is what I cannot pardon. If you did love me at all, that was the reason, and now that you see your mistake, that I am no child, but a woman, made suddenly to feel and understand by the blackness you have brought upon my life, you must know that you cannot care for me."

"I do, Milly; I do indeed."

"To say that," she exclaimed, "to dare to say it, with your kisses still warm on that woman's hands—that bad, vile woman, fit to be your mate and your love! I tell you, your affection is an insult to a good, honorable girl. I will never hear of it again."

"Oh, this is too much," he retorted; "no man could be expected to endure such language, such unwomanly taunts."

"If I am unwomanly, you made me so," cried Milly. "You are to blame for everything—everything!"

She was thinking as she spoke of that dinner at Paul Andrews' house—she was divided between shame and a desire to fling it down upon him to prove that she could be as reckless as he, that she cared as little for consequences when thus forced out of herself.

Just then, into the room came Adelaide Ramsay; when she saw them standing so visibly agitated, she rushed up, exclaiming abruptly—

"I don't wonder you are furious, Mr. Thorman—I never heard of anything so atrocious in my life! Many a man would break with her outright, and nobody could blame him! What mamma will say, I can't think—she has gone home with a dreadful headache; you may thank your precious stars for that, Miss Milly!"

The pair stood gazing at her as she poured forth that harangue with wonderful volubility; gazed, divided between indignation and astonishment.

"You needn't look as if you'd like to eat me, Milly," pursued Adelaide; "I'm your cousin, and have a right to speak."

"If Milly is as much at a loss to discover Mrs. Ramsay's meaning, as I am," said Thorman, with his most magnificently freezing air, "she must be puzzled indeed."

"Oh, that won't do with me; that will answer for the world!" cried Adelaide, shaking her head till the flowers, and butterflies, and bows, and miracles of all sorts that crowned her apex, looked as if they would fly off together. "And I side with you, Mr. Thorman—I promise you that—oh, entirely."

Thorman looked at her, more and more mystified; but Milly began to comprehend to what her cousin alluded. The story of the dinner had already spread abroad, and she supposed they were quarreling about it.

"Go away, Adelaide," she said; "I don't want you here—we were not talking of what you thought—go away."

Mrs. Ramsay had much more than the share of temper which ought to fall to one woman, and it was effectually roused by Milly's contemptuous manner.

"I know you were talking of it," she replied, "and I can see that Mr. Thorman is furious, and so will mamma be, and I shall tell her—and the things people will say!"

"Tell what you like, and whom you like," said Milly, with a haughty gesture.

"You are bold enough about it! To go to a dinner at Paul Andrews'—good heavens! Indeed I shall tell mamma! Why, you will be ruined, if it is known."

Walter Thorman had been sufficiently agitated before, but he turned pale as a dead man now. He never looked at Milly—he evinced no sign of anger; he only said to Mrs. Ramsay in a low, quiet voice that would have dismissed a stone image—

"We were not speaking of that affair; Mrs. Ramsay will confer a great favor on me by mentioning it neither to her mother nor anyone else."

Mistress Adelaide sailed out of the room in a passion with them both, but feeling very uncomfortable under Thorman's open scorn, and conscious that her spite against Milly had led into a very rude action; and whatever her sentiments might be, or her behavior among relations, before the world in general she liked to appear a lady.

She was gone, and Walter Thorman turned on Milly.

"You went to Paul Andrews' dinner?"

"Yes," she replied, defiantly. "Where I go or what I do, is no affair of yours, Mr. Thorman—I have already told you so."

"No wonder Mrs. Ramsay was beside herself," he continued, ignoring the close of her speech. "To go to that man's house—"

"And that I went was your fault, too," interrupted Milly. "You could not even answer my note—I was not worth so much attention—you could not spare the time from that woman."

"I never had any note."

Milly laughed her unbelief of the assertion—oh, such a bitter, harsh laugh to hear from lips as young as hers!

"I don't know what you mean, Milly."

"You did not even have an appointment with Madame Santaine," sneered Milly.

"I was out on horseback, and met her. I rode home with her—that was all; I had no note from you."

He began the most bitter reproaches for her rashness in going to the dinner; Milly replied with renewed scorn and anger; and so they went on, until words passed between them which could not be forgotten or forgiven.

When Milly cried out again—

"Go, go! I hate and loathe you more than ever; you are false and perjured every way."

Walter Thorman flung back some last angry words, and went quickly from her.

Milly dared not stand there—dared not think; all her energies were bent in an insane determination to hide what she suffered. Into the ball-room she passed; some one asked her to dance—she was whirling through a waltz—she was laughing and talking wildly as Mrs. Dormer herself—her eyes were blazing, her cheeks scarlet; those who knew her best, looked at her in wonder—men crowded about her—she was a new creature, and they could only marvel at the change.

Several times a message came to her that her aunt had sent back the carriage—but she paid no attention. It was almost daylight when she went away; laughing and coquetting to the very door with the men who hovered about her; then forth from that last ball of the season, Milly Crofton passed, leaving her youth behind forever.

The latest sight she beheld was Thorman bending over her foe—the latest sound she heard, was that woman's mocking voice!

She was at home; as she passed her aunt's door, Mrs. Gresham came out in her dressing-gown, demanding the reason of her late return; but Milly would not speak, she could not. She rushed on to her chamber, tore off her cloak, then her overstrained nerves gave way.

She shrieked in horrible spasms; she actually beat her face with her clenched hands in a mad desire to ruin the beauty which had worked her such ill; she tore the flowers out of her hair and trampled on them; she moaned and raved as only a human being can do sunk in the black gulf of a first despair. There was no mad thought she did not utter, no insanity she did not commit, until a merciful insensibility ended the temporary delirium.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $5.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

AN UNIQUE MARRIAGE.—At Ravenna, Ohio, the other day, a remarkable marriage ceremony was performed. The bridegroom's name was Walter Pierce, and in a paper he had drawn up he agreed to accord to the woman "equal rights, socially, religiously and politically," with himself. In return the lady said: "I take Walter Pierce, whom I now hold by the hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life; and I agree not to usurp over or transcend him in any particular." Then they both said: "By this voluntary and premeditated act, in your presence, we declare ourselves religiously, philosophically, and scientifically married." Then the mayor declared them married.

In the name of all that is sensible, what are we to see next? The bridegroom in the above, it will be noticed, takes care to provide against the dangers that may result from the Woman's Rights movement, by getting the bride to promise that she will not "usurp over or transcend him in any particular!"

☞ Now that Paris, which contains so many treasures of art, is menaced by the destroying angel of war, the *Boston Transcript* quotes the following, as a prayer for the preservation of all the creations of genius:—

THE POET'S PLEA.

When London was Threatened with Assault.

BY JOHN MILTON.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror did spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

We may remark incidentally, that it seems evident from the above that Colonel was once pronounced Col-o-nel, in three syllables, and not *Kurnel* as we say now. In Hudibras we also read:—

"When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a coloneling."

Col-o-nel was certainly much prettier than the vulgar *Kurnel*. The word comes from the Latin *columna*, column, and means the chief or commander of a column.

☞ Is it not outrageous, the wicked things they say about Horace Greeley? Witness the following, for instance, from the *Chicago Tribune*:—

Horace Greeley lately visited a Western town where swearing is punished by a fine of twenty-five cents for each offence. Some one stole his umbrella, and put a litter of kittens in his old hat, and by compromising the matter, the $200 he got for his lecture just paid for the swearing and $4 over.

That is simply outrageous—and yet such is the depravity of human nature, that probably large numbers of moderately good people will laugh "consumedly" over it. We did. And we thought no worse of Mr. Greeley either.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

A lady correspondent writes us as follows, in reference to a recent statement published in THE POST:—

"When I was a little girl—which was forty years ago—elderly people told me the President was inaugurated on the fourth of March, because it was the only day that did not come on a Sunday every few years. After making their calculations, they found that the fourth of March only came on Sunday once in about eighty years. About ten or twelve years ago, I saw the same statement published. If our forefathers made those calculations, they ought never to become obsolete."

Of course the fourth of March comes as often on Sunday as any other day of the month does; but whether the four years interval between the regular Inauguration Days makes any difference in this respect, we are unable to say—and have not time to consult the tables. Will some one of our philosophical readers tell us.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.—We are indebted to the daily "*Inquirer*" of this city for the following table, showing the percentage of increase in the population of New York and Philadelphia respectively since the year 1790:—

	NEW YORK.		PHILADELPHIA.	
Years.	*Population.*	*Increase Per Cent.*	*Population.*	*Increase Per Cent.*
1790,	33,131		42,520	
1800,	60,489	82½	70,287	65½
1810,	96,373	59½	96,287	37
1820,	123,706	28½	119,325	24
1830,	202,589	63½	167,325	40½
1840,	312,710	54½	258,037	54½
1850,	515,547	64½	408,762	58½
1860,	813,669	58½	565,529	38½
1870,	927,436	14	637,179	10½

It is the general impression in this city, we believe, as well as in New York, that the Census has skipped a good many people. We should like to see an enumeration of the new dwellings put up in Philadelphia during the last ten years. It would do much to confirm or invalidate the accuracy of the Census.

TO TEACHERS.—To those foolish ones among you who send home the children with great loads of books every afternoon, each book with its long lesson,—and to the equally foolish parents who like you to do it—we commend the following extract:—

Teachers, above all things, says ex-President Hill of Harvard College, should have regard for the physical capacities of children. No machinery is so delicate in its structure, or is called on to produce work so fine, as the brains of school children. Their capacities of endurance are very limited at the age when the faculties are developing. There is more danger to be apprehended from long continuance in study than from close application for a brief period. In this particular the half is better than the whole.

☞ Mrs. R. M. C., of McLeansboro, Ill., writes:—

"I have been a reader of your valuable paper for the last seventeen years. My father took it before I was married, my husband after, and I am now taking it myself."

☞ Our thanks are due to the *Franklin Fire Insurance Company*, for a neat box of gum erasers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SEVEN CHURCHES. By THOMAS K. BEECHER, Elmira, N. Y. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., 39 Park Row, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The idea of this book is best given in the author's preface. He says: ". . . . All who profess to call themselves Christian have surely more points of agreement than of disagreement. Every church that has maintained a separate denominational existence, by the mere fact of living proves that there is something in her that maintains her life. Every church can teach every other church something, and every church can learn. There are diversities of operation, but one Spirit—many churches, but one religion." Upon this sensible and charitable basis, Mr. Beecher shows the excellence consecutively of the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Independent (Baptist and Congregational), and Liberal Christian. "For one is your Father, even God, and all ye are brethren."

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1871. With Original Miscellany, Poems, and Illustrations, and following general information. Published by D. Appleton & Co, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Very prettily gotten up. Some of the selections, and original pieces in prose and verse are charming, and the designs are good.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition. For October. Contains "Piccadilly," "Earl's Dene," "On Fiction as an Educator," "Boating on the Thames," "Strangers in the House," "The European Hurricane," &c. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, AND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE. Conducted by J. G. HOLLAND. The first number of this magazine looks promising; the type is large and clear, and there are plenty of illustrations. Its literary matter is good—"Jeremy Train—His Drive," "The Bottom of the Sea," "A Day with Dr. Brooks," "Natasqua," "The Bondage of the Pulpit," "Twice Alone, a Tale of Labrador," "Sonnet," "The Writings of George MacDonald," "Fair Weather and Foul," "Wilfred Cumbermede," "Topics of the Time," "Books and Authors Abroad," "Books and Authors at Home." Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER. Contains "Oldtown Fireside Stories," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Fechter as Hamlet," by Miss Kate Field; a fine "November Pastoral," by Bayard Taylor, &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE ÆNEID. A Free and Independent Translation of the First and Fourth Books. Wherein are unfolded the travels of Æneas, the origin of the Roman Empire, the Stratagems employed by the goddess Juno (happily without success) to nip that important enterprise in the bud, the counterplots of the goddess Venus and her mischievous little son Cupid, and the furious love and romantic death of Queen Dido. With Illustrations by Thomas Worth. Printed and sold at the Winsted Herald Office, Winsted, Connecticut. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. This laughable pamphlet may be put into the hands of students in Virgil without the least danger of its being used as a pony.

CORNELL'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY: Accompanied with nineteen pages of Maps, a great variety of Map Questions, and one hundred and thirty Diagrams and Pictorial Illustrations: And embracing a Detailed Description of the Physical Features of the United States. By S. S. CORNELL, Corresponding Member of the American Geographical Society. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Every year, it seems to us, schoolbooks of all kinds grow better and better. In Geography particularly, the dry, statistical style which used to be so common, has almost disappeared; and instead, we now have works which present the wonders of Nature in the clearest and most fascinating manner to the inquiring mind. Beautifully illustrated with pictures, diagrams, and maps, the book before us is a fine specimen of this progressive class. Great care seems to have been taken in selecting the subject matter; the leading facts, general principles, and whatever is really useful and important, stand out in bold relief—while trivial details, which would only distract the attention, are left out of view. The maps, which are finely drawn, are by A. von Steinwehr.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for November; contains "Fruitfulness of the Human Mind," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, "The Significance of the Temperance Movement," by O. B. Frothingham, "Lungs, and how to use them," by Rev. C. H. Brigham, and other articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

GOOD HEALTH, for November, contains papers upon "Dreams and their Causes," "Leprosy of the Bible," "Women's Dress," Chemical Transformations, and other subjects. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY, for November, contains the "King William Lancers," arranged by Wm. Dressler, and several other instrumental pieces; also four or five very pretty songs. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for October. Contains the usual fine assortment of literary matter, a number of good wood engravings from French paintings, original designs, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. Containing Choice Selections from Foreign Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philada.

THE MAINE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, for October, contains a number of very excellent articles. Published by Brown Thurston, Portland, Maine.

"HUBERT," and "JUNO ON A JOURNEY." Two of the Juno stories. By JACOB ABBOTT, author of the "Franconia Stories," "The Rollo Books," "The Young Christian Series," etc., etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Two beautiful story-books, bound in green and gold or red and gold, and suitable for presentation to the children.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS. By HESBA STRETTON, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," "Alone in London," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. A story showing some of the fearful evils of intemperance.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November contains "The Victims of Dreams," "A Polyglot Empire," "A Yankee on the Throne of France," "Irene," "Three Triumphs," "The Stone Annals of the Past," "In Love with a Shadow," "The Calvert Family," "Violets in Autumn," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Crackers," "Elk County," "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day," etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Who is it that writes such good poetry up among the Elks, in North-Western Pennsylvania?

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY for October. About the best work of its kind. Edited by Thomas Meehan. Published by Brinckloe & Marot, Philada.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

Capitulation of the Great Fortress of Metz.

BERLIN, Oct. 27.—The King telegraphs to the Queen to-day, as follows:

"This morning Bazaine and Metz capitulated. 150,000 prisoners, including 20,000 sick and wounded. The army and garrison laid down their arms this afternoon. One of the most important events of the war. Providence be thanked."

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The whole number of prisoners is now represented to be 173,000, including three Marshals and 6,000 officers. One hundred guns were fired in Berlin yesterday in honor of the event.

Advices from Bouillon to the 27th, state that the capitulation of Bazaine with his army at Metz is in conformity with an understanding arrived at with the King of Prussia, and contemplates a speedy peace and termination of the war.

One account (doubtful) says:

The surrender of Bazaine, it is stated, has been made upon the full understanding with the Prussian government that the occupation of Metz an Strasbourg shall be accepted as an adequate basis for withdrawing the German armies from France, and concluding a peace. The republicans here loudly declare Bazaine a traitor, and that he concerted his action with Prince Napoleon, Eugenie, and King William, and that the government at Paris will repudiate any peace prepared or signed by him.

BERLIN, Oct. 28.—The Correspondence of this city says that the health of the Emperor Napoleon requires a milder climate, and possibly early next month he may change Wilhelmsohe for Elba.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—A correspondent of the Times telegraphs the following from Versailles, under date of 25th:—It will be a few days yet before the Germans will be ready to bombard Paris.

Twenty citizens of Bougeuil have been executed by the Prussians, for aiding the French in their sorties from Paris.

The Diamond Field.

It was thought that the great discoveries of gold in California and Australia might lessen the value of that precious commodity; but it can scarcely be said that the result has justified the opinion. Will the multiplication of diamonds materially affect their price? The political changes and commotions on the Continent may throw many of these gems into the market, and, as after the first and second French revolutions, they may sell for smaller sums. At this moment we have not only in operation the causes just referred to, but another in the extraordinary reports which reach us from South Africa. The Asiatic says that an officer in Her Majesty's service, having obtained leave, visited the "glistering" country, and on his return, highly delighted, formed a partnership with three friends, resigned the service, and by the last accounts the party had £25,000 to their credit. Mention is made of a cottage plastered with mud which was found to be studded with diamonds. In another direction there are to be seen one hundred and thirty diamonds grouped to be photographed; and we have scarcely feasted our eyes upon these when up comes a "native doctor" with a stone weighing 100 carats, which is forthwith valued, by judges on the spot, at £40,000. Great numbers of persons are flocking to the scene of action, and large quantities of diamonds are being found. The writer of a letter, dated the 26th of July, gives an animated description of the favored locality, and states that "for the outgoing month the fourth share of the diamond finds which falls to the society amounts to something like £750. Diamonds, I have reason to believe, are being turned up in the vicinity of the great camp daily, but persons and parties are becoming more reticent; you don't hear, as heretofore, when and where diamonds are found." Whatever "society" is meant, its affairs are in a flourishing condition.

From another graphic description of the scene we learn that all are not equally fortunate, that the operation of diamond hunting is laborious and dirty, and that it is doubtful whether the health of the workers will not suffer. Meanwhile, it is certain that the finds have been plentiful enough to create a sort of diamond fever, and multitudes are rushing away to the banks of the Vaal, where, in the wilderness,

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

has been trodden under foot by wild beasts and savage men from untold ages.

An Odeious Suggestion.

Swinburne has written an ode to the French Republic. This lofty rhyme is built up of strophes, anti-strophes, and an epode. In its construction, metaphor and metaphysics, grammar and grandiloquence are thrown about with the careless disregard for innocent passers-by which characterizes that poet's freedom of style. Most probably no sane English-speaking person has read it through and preserved his sanity. The poet's idea in writing it was to get the French engaged in trying to understand it, and the Germans to engage in translating it, and thus stop the war by pure exhaustion of the combatants. The idea was good, but hardly practical.—*Punchinello.*

THE IRON-CLAD CAPTAIN.—The latest foreign journals give in detail the finding of the court-martial on the loss of the iron-clad Captain. The Court says that the vessel was capsized by the pressure of sail, assisted by the heave of the sea, and that the amount of sail carried at the time of the loss was insufficient to have endangered a ship endowed with a proper amount of stability. The Court also found that the "Captain" was built in opposition to the views of the English Navy Department, but in deference to public opinion, as expressed in Parliament and through other channels.

☞ The Roman Catholics have made far more converts to their system in China than have our Protestant missionaries. Rev. John Nevins, a missionary in China, states that the number of Protestant Christians in China is but 4,000—while the Roman Catholics have over 400 000.

☞ "Give my Button-string to my Sister," is the latest idiotic popular song title.

GEOLOGY asserts that the world as at present seen, is the result of sedimentary deposite of gravel, sand, clay, etc., in regular strata. In certain localities where these depositions were too thick, by their very weight they pressed down till the lower surface was forced so near the heated portion of the earth's interior, that they became melted and their original stratified character thus obliterated. The earth's crust was cracked by this action, and through this rent the melted, basaltic, underlying portion was forced by the gases of combustion through the crevices, and flowing over and over the sides, produced the great elevation of the world's surface.—*Galaxy.*

☞ The historian of the Red Stocking Base Ball Club, of Cincinnati, is a philosopher. Referring to the whipping given that club by the White Stockings of Chicago, in that city, last week, he says: "We were beaten! We know it, we feel it, but how could we help it? The umpire was against us, the weather was against us, the crowd was against us, the heavens were against us, the ground was against us, the pestilential air of the Chicago River was against us, the Chicago nine was against us, and last but not least, the score was against us."

☞ An Illinois editor says:—"Trying to do business without advertising, is like winking in the dark; you know that you are keeping up a powerful winking, but nobody else has any idea of it."

☞ In Oswego county, New York, a farmer is now digging a second crop of potatoes from a field that has heretofore this year yielded a crop.

☞ A gentleman of Barbour, Ala., who has a prejudice against the ordinary mode of burial, has ordered a marble coffin for his remains.

☞ Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, has lately received two ladies as converts to Judaism. One of them is a married lady of Dayton, Ohio, and mother of several children; and the other, a young lady from New Orleans. In the latter case, Dr. Lilienthal did everything he could to dissuade her; but she insisted.

☞ A lady says, in the New York Independent, of the Mormon women:—"After residing twenty years among this 'peculiar people,' the writer hesitates in saying she *knows* them. From her observation she believes the women of Utah, as a class, to be honest, industrious, virtuous, and self-sacrificing to a fault."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—5,000 bbls City Mills extra sold at $5,75; 800 bbls City Mills family at $7@7,25, and 16,000 bbls at prices ranging from $4,25@4,75 for superfine; $5,25@5,75 for extra; $5,50@6,75 for Northwest extra; $6@6,75 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour at $5,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—70,000 bus sold at $1,37@1,40 for Indiana red, 1,37@1,39 for Ohio red, $1,35@1,35 for Penna red, $1,35@1,39 for Delaware red, $1,42@1,46 for Indiana amber, $1,30@1,32 for Iowa spring, $1,41@1,45 for Western white, and $1,50@1,60 for Southern white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 92@93c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 75@78c for Western mixed, 78@80c for Western yellow, 82@85c for Penna yellow and 82@85c for Delaware yellow. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus at 53@54c for white, 50@53c for mixed, and 45@48c for black.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $20,50; clear at $20, and extra prime at $22. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $30@31 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 20@23c; Excelsior Hams 23c; Sides at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 19@19½c, sides at 15c, and 2000 pcs Shoulders, in salt, 14½@14¾c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c. Pennsylvania stone-packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 40@45c. Eggs sell at 29@30c ₩ doz. Cheese at 15@15½c ₩ ₩.

COTTON—Sales of 700 bales Middlings at 16½@17½c for Uplands, and 17@18c for New Orleans.

BARK—300 hhds of No 1 Quercitron at $36 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 8½@9c for Apples and 7½@8c ₩ ₩ for half Peaches. Green Apples at $1,50@2,38 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, $1,10@1,15; Straw, $1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $[illegible] No. 2 at $29,50@30. Bar Iron sells at $80 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—2000 bus sold at $6,50@6,55. Timothy—Sales of 600 bus at $4,75@5,25. Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 5300 Hogs sold at from $10½ to 11½ ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have been using sewing machines for the last six years. I am acquainted with the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, and Grover & Baker Machines, and have also examined work done by expert hands on all of the above-named machines. For elasticity and strength of stitch and durability of work, and for its noiseless and easy movements, I most confidently recommend the Grover & Baker to all parties desiring a good, reliable, family sewing machine."—*Mrs. J. B. M'Laughlin, Lewisburg, Pa.*

Cheaper than Before the War.

Epicures, are you aware that you can enjoy the luxuries of the dessert at a much cheaper rate than ten years ago? Science has converted a wild product of the Irish coast into an element of immeasurable dainties of the most wholesome, nutritious and delicious character; and the price of this new staple is less by one-half than that of any other article of the same class containing a like amount of nutriment. Need we say that SEA MOSS FARINE is the article referred to. The wealthy and enterprising New York company engaged in its manufacture are entitled to the thanks of every philanthropist for introducing this new source of excellent and agreeable food, at a price which places it within the reach of all. One experiment will convince the most skeptical that with Sea Moss Farine they can produce unequalled custards, puddings, jellies, Charlottes, creams, sauces, &c., at less cost than before the war. The depot of the company is at 53 Park Place, New York.

From G. F. J. Colburn, Doctor of Dental Surgery, Newark, N. J.

The popular dentrifice known as SOZODONT, besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients, that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," with brush, ready for use.

Those who are Sick, or

Afflicted with any chronic difficulty, should without delay write for Dr. Hamilton's New Treatise, sent free to any address. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., P. O. Box 4952. New York city. nov5-4t

People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should see "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and nicely perfumed. Soils nothing. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 230 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. aug27-cowtf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,
And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and
Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Body and Mind Disease.

Such is dyspepsia. The stomach and the brain are too intimately allied for the one to suffer without the other, so that dyspepsia and despondency are inseparable. It may be added, too, that irritation of the stomach is almost invariably accompanied by irritation of the temper.

The invigorating and tranquilizing operation of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is most powerfully developed in cases of indigestion. The first effect of this agreeable tonic is comforting and encouraging. A mild glow pervades the system, the chronic uneasiness in the region of the stomach is lessened, and the nervous restlessness which characterizes the disease is abated. This improvement is not transient. It is not succeeded by the return of the old symptoms with superadded force, as is always the case when unmedicated stimulants are given for the complaint. Each dose seems to impart a permanent accession of healthful invigoration. But this is not all. The aperient and anti-bilious properties of the preparation are scarcely secondary in importance to its tonic virtues. If there is an overflow of bile the secretion is soon brought within proper limits, and if the biliary organ is inert and torpid it is toned and regulated. The effect upon the discharging organs is equally salutary, and in cases of constipation the cathartic action is just sufficient to produce the desired result gradually and without pain. The Bitters also promote healthy evaporation from the surface which is particularly desirable at this season when sudden spells of raw, unpleasant weather are apt to check the natural perspiration and produce congestion of the liver, coughs, and colds. *The best safeguard against all diseases is bodily vigor*, and this the great Vegetable Restorative essentially promotes. nov5-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE P. WILLIAMSON to Miss BARBARA A. SELL, both of this city.

On the 16th of Oct., by the Rev. John P. Chaplain, Mr. JAMES MOORHOUSE to Mrs. FRANCES TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, WILLIAM HOWARD to CLARA R., daughter of C. S. Wilson, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Culver, ROWLAND LARGE to Miss HANNAH A. BURGARER, both of this city.

On the 16th of Oct., by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. WILLIAM R. GARDY to Miss MARY E. MOOD, daughter of Margaret and the late Wm. Mood, both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Benj. Watson, D. D., ISAAC D. HARBERT to ANNA, daughter of J. Kirkbride, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Oct., JAMES M. STEWART, in his 54th year.

On the 24th of Oct., SARAH A. WHITAKER, in her 21st year.

On the 23d of Oct., JAMES SCHOTT, Esq., in his 87th year.

On the 23d of Oct., GEORGE H. BURGIN, M. D., in his 78th year.

On the 22d of Oct., JEFFERSON R. GRIFFITH, in his 21st year.

On the 22d of Oct., Mr. CHARLES YOUNG, in his 20th year.

On the 21st of Oct., GEORGE A. SHARP, in his 30th year.

On the 21st of Oct., WILLIAM ALTEMUS, in his 67th year.

On the 19th of Oct., Mr. JOHN H. RARRIN, aged 33 years.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.	
3 copies,	$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c. —See terms on the second page of this paper.

WAR.

The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero! Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breed destruction, still go on,
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave
Artificers of death! still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine.

—*Bishop Porteus.*

Dreams and Their Causes.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

Some writers of eminence contend—as we think erroneously—that the mind is never at rest, and that, even during the most profound sleep, dreams take place, which are either immediately forgotten or which make no impression on the memory. In opposition to this view, the following arguments may be adduced. If it were correct, the main object of sleep—namely, rest for the brain—would never be attained; and, in all probability, a few nights' continuous and active dreaming would induce a mental irritability approximating to insanity. Again, cases are occasionally met with of persons who maintain that they never, or only very exceptionally, dream. Pliny refers to such cases in Lib. x., cap. lxxv. We quote Holland's quaint translation: "Babes at the very beginning do dream. For they will waken and start suddenly in a fright; and, as they lie asleep, keep a-sucking of their lips, as if it were at the breast-heads. Some never dream at all. And if such chance, contrary to this custom, for to dream once, it hath been counted for a sign of death, as we have seen and proved by many examples and experiments." According to Plutarch, Cleon never dreamed; and Suetonius declared that, before the murder of his mother, he had never dreamed. The writer of this article is acquainted with a lady, upwards of eighty years of age, who is perfectly certain that no dream has ever passed through her brain, which is by no means an active one. Dr. Hammond states that he had a lady under his care for a serious nervous affection, who declared that she had only once had a dream, which occurred after receiving a severe blow on the head from a fall. As further evidence against the view that the action of the brain is continuous during sleep, we may adduce cases of apparently very long dreams that have been completed, from beginning to end, in a very few seconds, and which have been excited by external influences. The following are good examples of such dreams, and others are incidentally given in the course of this article:

A person, who was suddenly aroused from sleep by a few drops of water sprinkled in his face, dreamed of the events of an entire life, in which happiness and sorrow were mingled; and which finally terminated with an altercation upon the borders of an extensive lake, into which his exasperated companion, after a considerable struggle, succeeded in plunging him. Dr. Carpenter mentions the case of a clergyman falling asleep in his pulpit during the singing of a psalm before the sermon, and awakening with the conviction that he must have slept for at least an hour, and that the congregation must have been waiting for him; but on referring to his psalm book, he was consoled by finding that his slumber had not lasted longer than the singing of a single line. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his "Psychological Inquiries," 1854, mentions the following fact of the late Lord Holland: "On an occasion when he was much fatigued, while listening to a friend who was reading aloud he fell asleep and had a dream, the particulars of which it would take him a quarter of an hour, or longer, to express in writing. After he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it; so that, probably, the whole time during which he had slept did not occupy more than a few seconds."

It is from cases of this nature that Lord Brougham was led to form the opinion that *all* our dreams really take place in the act of falling asleep or of awaking. This view is as incorrect in one direction as the opinion we are endeavoring to controvert (of which the late Sir William Hamilton, the great metaphysician, was one of the principal champions) is in the opposite one. In his "Lectures on Metaphysics," this intellectual athlete believes that he has proved that the action of the brain is continuous during sleep by the following simple experiment: He caused himself to be aroused from sleep at intervals through the night, and invariably found that he was disturbed from a dream, the particulars of which he could always distinctly recollect. We shall not stop to expose the utter fallacy of this rash conclusion, as our readers will at once recognize it themselves when they presently read M. Maury's experiments. It is sufficient to remark here, that the mere excitation of waking a sleeping person is generally sufficient to give rise to a dream.

From these and other arguments that might be adduced, it may be safely assumed that "the brain is not always in action, and that there are times when we sleep without dreaming."

Dreams must have some kind of foundation; and, as Dr. Hammond observes, the basis of a dream must be sought for in impressions made upon the mind at some previous—perhaps apparently forgotten—period, or produced at the time, during sleep, by bodily sensations. At first sight, it may seem that we have dreams which cannot possibly be referred to either of these exciting causes; "but thorough investigation will invariably reveal the existence of an association between the dream and some such ideas or events." In confirmation of this view he adduces several cases, some of which he has collected from the well-known works of Abercrombie, Macnish, Dendy, ("Philosophy of Mystery"), and other British writers; while others are original and now first published. From the latter we borrow the following remarkable history, which in some respects resembles the story told by Sir Walter Scott to Abercrombie, regarding the recovery, by means of a dream, of lost documents necessary for the successful prosecution of a law suit. A lawyer, well known to Dr. Hammond, found it necessary to ascertain the exact age of a client of his who was also his cousin. Their grandfather, who was rather an eccentric person, had died when they were boys. The lawyer often told his cousin that if the grandfather had been alive the desired information could have been readily obtained; and that he had a dim recollection of having seen a record kept by the old gentleman, and of there being some peculiarity about it which he could not recall. Some months after the search had been given up as hopeless, he dreamed that their grandfather came to him and said, "You have been trying to find out when J. was born. Don't you recollect that one afternoon, when we were fishing, I read you some lines from an Elzevir 'Horace,' and showed you how I had made a family record out of the book by inserting a number of blank leaves at the end? Now, as you know, I devised my library to the Rev. ——. I was a great fool for giving him books which he will never read! Get the 'Horace,' and you will discover the exact hour at which J. was born." The lawyer, deeply impressed with the dream, started by the first morning train to visit the clergyman, who lived in a neighboring city; found the "Horace;" and at the end were the pages constituting the family record, exactly as had been described in the dream. By no effort of his memory could he recall to his recollection the incidents of the fishing excursion.

It may have occurred to some of our readers to have experienced the same dream on two or three consecutive nights, or several times in the same night. This repetition of a dream is popularly regarded as indicating that it is either sent as a warning, or that it has a prophetic character. Dr. Hammond tells us that a few years ago he read Schiller's "Ode to Laura," as translated by Lord Lytton, beginning—

"Who and what gave me the wish to woo thee?"

and admired it as a striking piece of versification, conveying some noted philosophical ideas in a forcible and beautiful manner. The following night he had a very vivid dream of a condition of pre-existence in which he imagined himself to be. The connection between the dream and the poem he had been reading was sufficiently well marked, and did not astonish him. He was, however, surprised to find that the two next nights he had exactly the same dream. Dr. Hammond further tells us that a friend of his is very subject to dreams of this character, and that on some occasions the repetition has taken place as many as a dozen times.

Abercrombie, in his well-known work, to which we have already referred, relates several very remarkable cases of dreams induced by impressions made upon the mind during sleep. In one case, an elaborate dream of the same nature was simultaneously excited in the minds of a soldier and his wife, by the noise produced by the falling of a pair of tongues.

An officer on board a transport used to be teased by his companions, who could produce in him any kind of dream by whispering in his ear. Once they conducted him through the whole process of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to have met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and the report of which awoke him. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker in the cabin, when they made him believe that he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, and with so much force as to throw himself from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which, of course, he was awakened.

Dr. Hammond relates the particulars of a singular dream, which, as in the preceding case, was due to an impression conveyed to the brain through the ear; and likewise corroborates the fact, previously noticed, that no definite conception of time enters into the elements of a dream. We give the narrative in his own words:—

"I dreamed that I had taken a passage in a steamer from St. Louis to New Orleans, and that among the passengers was a man who had all the appearance of being very ill with consumption. He looked more like a ghost than a human being, and moved noiselessly among the passengers, noticing no one, though attracting the attention of all. For several days nothing was said between him and any one; till one morning, as the vessel approached Baton Rouge, he came to where I was sitting, on the guards, and began a conversation by asking me what time it was. I took out my watch, when he instantly took it from my hand and opened it. 'I, too, once had a watch,' he said; 'but see what I am now.' With these words he threw aside the large cloak he usually wore, and I saw that his ribs were entirely free of skin and flesh. He then took my watch, and, inserting it between his ribs, said it would make a very good heart. Continuing his conversation, he told me that he had resolved to blow up the vessel the next day; but that, as I had been the means of supplying him with a heart, he would save my life. 'When you hear this whistle blow,' he said, 'jump overboard—for in an instant afterwards the boat will be in atoms.' I thanked him, and he left me. All that day and the next I endeavored to acquaint my fellow-passengers with the fate in store for them, but discovered that I had lost the faculty of speech. I tried to write, but found that my hands were paralyzed. In fact, I could adopt no means to warn them. While I was making these ineffectual efforts, I heard the whistle of the engine. I rushed to the side of the boat to plunge overboard—and awoke. The whistle of a steam sawmill near my house had just begun to sound, and had awakened me. My whole dream had been excited by it—and could not have occupied more than a few seconds."

Many cases are on record in which dreams have been excited by other senses than that of hearing. A remarkable case, in which a dream was originated by the combined action of the senses of smell and hearing, is described in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine, for July, 1856, in which a physician, who was compelled to sleep at a cheesemonger's house, in a bedroom impregnated with a strong odor of American cheese, and swarming with rats, dreamed that for a political offence he was incarcerated in a huge cheese, which was attacked by an army of these vermin, that as soon as they had effected an entrance, fixed themselves on his naked body.

The sense of taste is so seldom exercised during sleep that it is rarely productive of dreams. The following case, recorded by Dr. Hammond, is the most remarkable one of the kind that we have met with. A young lady who had contracted the habit of sucking her thumb during sleep, tried to break herself of the practice by covering the offending organ with extract of aloes before she went to bed. She slept well, but in the morning she found her thumb in her mouth with all the aloes sucked off. During the night she dreamed that she was crossing the ocean in a steamer made of wormwood; that the plates, dishes, chairs, &c., were composed of the same material; and that there was a bitter smell all over the ship. There was so strong a bitter taste in her mouth, that on her arrival at Havre she asked for a glass of water; but the attendant brought her an infusion of wormwood, which she gulped down. On her requesting a Paris physician to extract the wormwood from her body, he told her that the only remedy was ox-gall, which he gave her by the pound. The bitter taste of the remedy was as bad as that of the wormwood; and to get rid of it she applied to the Pope, who told her that she must make a pilgrimage to the plain where the pillar of salt stood which was formerly Lot's wife, and must eat a piece of salt as large as her thumb. She reached the object of her journey, and then deliberated as to what part of the figure she should break off. The result was, that as she had a bad habit of sucking her thumb, she should break off and suck that part of the statue. On putting the broken fragment into her mouth she awoke, and found that she was sucking her own thumb.

Dreams are very readily excited through impressions made on the nerves of ordinary sensation, even in cases when the stimulus is applied to paralysed limbs. A lady whose lower extremities were paralyzed, often experienced remarkable dreams of this nature when hot bottles were applied to her feet. On one occasion she dreamed that she was transformed into a bear, and was being taught to dance by being made to stand on hot plates of iron. On another similar occasion, she dreamed that she was wading through a stream of water that issued from a hot spring.

Meyer narrates that he once dreamed that he was attacked by robbers, who laid him full length on his back upon the ground, into which they drove a stake, passing it between two of his toes; but on awaking he found that these two members were only separated by a straw!

Another relates that, having a bottle of hot water placed at his feet, he dreamed that he had reached the top of Etna, and was treading on burning lava. In a similar manner, if we are uneasy in bed and throw off the covering, we dream that in the cold of winter we are wandering half-clad through the streets; or, if there is a strong wind blowing, we dream of storms and shipwreck; or a knocking at the door produces dreams of an attack by thieves. It is very seldom that words spoken in sleep are distinctly understood, and equally seldom that they call up in the mind of the sleeper the idea they represent. I may mention an instance or two in which dreams could be controlled in this way. Dr. Abercrombie relates that an English officer who accompanied the expedition to Ludwigsburg in 1758 dreamed, to the great delight of his comrades, any kind of dream they chose, according to the words they whispered in his ear. Another example is given by Klinge: a rejected lover, who had secured the favor of the lady's mother, obtained permission to whisper his name in her ear while she slept. Very soon there was a remarkable change in her conduct towards him, and at last she gave him her hand. On being questioned about the change, she replied that she had become attached to him, in vivid and oft repeated dreams. For the truth of this story we cannot vouch; at the same time we do not deny its probability.

The excitement of the internal susceptibilities gives occasion for dreams almost more frequently than the external senses. By internal susceptibilities I mean those sensations which indicate to us the position of our internal organs, and which are usually known as general feelings, and to which belong the condition of being well and unwell. These sensations come within our consciousness during sleep, but, as might be expected, darkly and indistinctly. Connected with them in a similar manner as with the impressions of the external senses, are certain symbolic dream-pictures, the most common of which is nightmare. This originates in a cramped condition of the respiratory muscles, and a consequent difficulty of breathing. Similar results will follow if the stomach be overloaded, for it then presses upon the diaphragm, and thereby confines the lungs. When we are awake we trace this disordered respiration to its correct cause—namely, a local affection of the organs of the chest, and there it ends; but in sleep we are incapable of this reasoning, and therefore, in harmony with the law of association, there arises from the feeling of oppression the idea of weight and the image of a superincumbent object. We also dream of heavily laden wagons passing over us, or of dark, shadowy apparitions emerging from the ceiling and gradually settling down upon us.

Not unfrequently we find that, instead of this, we dream of some great trouble or sudden fright, for in the waking state experiences often render respiration difficult. We then dream, for example, that we are attacked by robbers; and when we endeavor to secure our safety by flight, we find, to our consternation, that our feet refuse to serve us, and we remain, as it were, rooted to the ground. We try to call for help, but find that we are unable to produce a single sound, until, at last, after long struggling, the muscles of respiration are released from their restraint, and we awake—sometimes with a loud cry.

In a similar manner is experienced the dream of falling from a great height. It usually happens while we are falling asleep, and depends upon the circumstance that the gradual relaxing of the muscles caused by sleep is, by some momentary excitement, reversed, and the result is a shrinking back of the body similar to that experienced in falling from any lofty position. Somewhat different from this is the dream of flying. According to Scherner it depends upon our consciousness of the action of the lungs, their rising and falling motion giving to us in our dream the notion of flight. There are a great many more conditions of the body which, if they come into our consciousness during sleep, awake in us, in harmony with the law of the association of ideas, a certain kind of dreams. The emotions also produce a definite impression upon their character. "Great joy," some one has written, "originates a different class of dreams than great sorrow; and ardent love gives rise to dreams not produced by hatred, deep repentance, or an accusing conscience."

COME TO ME, DARLING.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee,
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee;
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifest treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
O! Spring of my spirit! O! May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life hath a rose root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up with a reflex of heaven,
Eyes like the skies of dear Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other—
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple,
O! thanks to the Saviour that even their seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened,
Dear, are you sad now, to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot smile, but your cheeks will be glowing;
You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love;
And I could not live without you by my side, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,
Strong, swift, and fond as the words that I speak, love,
With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

The Tomato.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The writer is by no means ignorant of the fact that an attack upon the tomato may subject him to censure, at least among a large class. Yet truth is of far more importance than popular applause. For some few years there has been a popular favoritism as connected with this new product, attributable, in part at least, to the efforts of certain interested persons who announced it as a valuable article, exceedingly wholesome, as a means of extending the sale of the plants, it may be, when in fact very little could have been known of it at that time.

Those familiar with its introduction may well remember its almost universal unpalatableness, that nine-tenths of us were compelled to learn to relish it, suffering a kind of dietetic martyrdom to be able to endure an article that so much reminded us of the potato-ball, simply because we would relish the new medicinal food, governed very much more by principle than we are accustomed to be in such matters.

Let it be borne in mind in this connection, that this is exceptional; that we do not learn to relish the peach, pear, berries, bread or any of the ordinary forms of food, since we suppose that anything designed to be used as a general article of food will be as generally agreeable to the popular taste. This is a legitimate inference, since we are endowed with a universal relish for food, to induce us to be careful to take food when the system demands its use. The infant naturally is fond of its first simple food, the mother's milk, and as naturally relishes the more usual articles of food, fruits, etc., with water as nature's drink.

Indeed the tomato, in this respect, reminds us of the filthy weed, tobacco, which reason teaches us was never intended by the good Father as necessary to our health and comfort, for general and constant use. That is universally distasteful, aside from exceptional cases referable to abnormal conditions, connected with hereditary influences. The child must learn to endure it, suffering untold nausea, the result of the active poison introduced into the system while compelling the body to conform to this new order of things. A small amount of this is certain to produce sickness in the uninitiated while constant use changes it into an apparent necessity of our (depraved) nature. How far these principles will apply to the natural dislike of the tomato the reader is allowed to determine.

But may not the tomato be used under any circumstances? It will be, like the tobacco, it is presumed, whether wholesome or otherwise. When we examine its effects and its real character, however, it must be conceded as it would seem, is at least of the second class of vegetables or fruits, less wholesome and less appropriate for general use than the peach, apple, pear or potato. Those who have watched its effects carefully, as physicians, have observed that the "griping pains," and some forms of "bowel complaints" have been immediately connected with the use of this article—more so than with the proper use of the fruits in general.

When first introduced, they were called "love apples" and were then regarded as very poisonous, even dangerous to handle. A part of the prejudice at that time may have been unfounded, but perhaps no more so than that in its favor in more modern times. The writer has long opposed their general use as food and observes with pleasure that some modern writers and teachers of health dissent from the popular views. On this point Dr. Dio Lewis, a popular lecturer and writer says:

"The tomato is not the healthiest of

vegetables, and if used at all, it should be eaten with great moderation and should never be eaten raw. I have known a great many persons to suffer from tender and bleeding gums, from 'teeth set on an edge,' and a number from loose teeth, produced by eating tomatoes. I have known a number of cases of very painful piles caused by excessive use of tomatoes. I have several professional friends who have observed the same facts among their patients.

At the close of a lecture, which I gave fifteen years ago in Cincinnati, on the subject of human food, I criticised tomatoes much as I am doing now, and among a dozen persons who came upon the platform, after the usual fashion, to be introduced to the lecturer, seven testified to having suffered from sore mouth, and one from having had a peculiar condition of the stomach, developed when the tomato season first began. Indeed, I believe the idea I am expressing is not a new one, even among the people. A great many persons have asked me, "Do tomatoes contain calomel?" They inferred, from the fact that tomatoes produced a sort of salivation, that they contained mercury.

That it has medicinal properties, I think will not be questioned. Yet this fact is by no means favorable to its general and free use. We need not take medicine all of the time. In health, if we can find those who enjoy perfect health, we need no medication; good, wholesome food, cleanliness, pure air day and night, sun light and sufficient and proper exercise being the more usual means of promoting and of retaining the health. It is claimed by the advocates for the free use of this article that it contains calomel and that its employment may supersede the use of that drug. One writer has deduced the following:

1. That the tomato is one of the most powerful deobstruents of the materia medica, and that in all those affections of the liver and other organs where calomel is indicated, it is probably the most effective and least harmful agent known in the profession.

2. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it which will altogether supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease.

3. That he has successfully treated serious diarrhœa with this article alone.

4. That when used as an article of diet, it is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia or indigestion.

The propriety of their use in bowel complaints may be reasonably doubted, as compared with the fruits in general. That their employment may be safer than the injudicious use of "binding" food, retaining in the body a mass of irritating substances, is freely admitted, while the use of the ripe fruits would be very much more judicious, at least in the opinion of the writer, who has long used them in such cases as food and medicine.

If the tomato has any favorable effect in cases of dyspepsia, etc., it probably is referable to its action in the removal of constipation of the bowels which is the prominent cause of that disease. But we contend that the use of ripe fruits "dyspepsia bread," and the coarser kinds of food in general, will produce even better results in this particular and more safely. To "get the best" is always safe, and the fruits experience has assured us are safe and judicious.

If the tomato is adopted to the cure of certain forms of derangement of the liver, to a diseased condition of the system, it may seem inappropriate as an article of food for general use. It can hardly be medicinal and alimentary at the same time, equally appropriate in both conditions.

On this point another writer says: "It is certain that a well person does not need medicine, from the very fact that it is adapted to a diseased state of the system, which proves that it cannot be also adapted to opposite or healthy conditions as in the latter case it frequently creates the very symptoms that it cures in the former—a fact which all schools of medicine now recognize to a greater or less extent.

"The tomato is eminently medicinal, it having, as is well understood, a specific action on the liver, as direct and almost as potent as mercury, the analogous action of the two articles being indicated also by the secondary effects on the gums and teeth. But as the temperament and dietetic habits of Americans predispose them to biliousness in the warm season, a moderate use of tomatoes—Dr. Lewis says a spoonful at a meal—may not only prove innocuous but beneficial, while making a dish of them, as is often the custom, from their healthfulness having been so much insisted on, should be discouraged."—*The Household.*

Be Social at Home.

Let parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be in many respects a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter—dull, silent, uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both—let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly, who reserve their social charms for companions abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being shut up there; and the youth who does not love home, is in danger.

A Dog's Bed.—The best bed which can be made for a dog consists of dry, newly-made deal shavings; a sackful of these may be had for a shilling at almost any carpenter's shop. The dog is delighted in tumbling about in them until he has made a bed to suit himself. Clean wood shavings will clean a dog as water, and fleas will never infest dogs that sleep upon fresh shavings. The turpentine and resin in new pine soon drive them away.

Belief.—There is no reason to doubt that God has created us with intellectual differences which are wholly involuntary, and which must tend to fix the determinations of the judgment. There are some men who, from their earliest years, seem incapable of admitting a truth without double the evidence with which others would be satisfied. Who then among us is to determine what mind is most correctly strung? Is the man who admits a proposition on one degree of evidence to condemn his brother who requires two?—*Rev. James Martineau.*

☞ Among the premiums offered at a county fair in Kentucky is one of $10 for the neatest patch put on an old garment by an unmarried woman.

STEP BY STEP.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere night
Our lives are trailed in the sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
But the dreams depart and the visions fall,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DISTURBING THE GRAVE.

By twos and threes, by fours and fives, by tens and by dozens, the curious and excited groups were wending their way to Dallory churchyard. For a certain work was going on there, which had never been performed in it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Richard North was lying at Dallory Hall, incapacitated. When Mr. Seeley—assisted by Dr. Rane, who came in—had examined into his injuries at Mrs. Gass's, he pronounced them not to be grave. The bullet had struck a fleshy part of the arm, and passed off from it, leaving a wound. Care and rest only would be necessary to heal it; and the same might be said with regard to the blow on the temple. Perfect quiet was essential, perfect rest, to guard against any after consequences. Mrs. Gass wished Richard to stay at her house and be nursed through it; but he thought of the trouble it would cause in her regular household, and said he preferred to be taken home. It was Mr. Seeley who continued to attend him by Richard's own wish; not Dr. Rane. The public thought the rejection of the latter ominously significant, in spite of Richard's recent exertions to do away with the impression of his guilt.

"Understand: absolute quiet both of body and mind," enjoined Mr. Seeley, not only to Richard himself but to the family and servants. "If you have that, Mr. Richard, you will be about again in a short time; if you do not have it, I cannot undertake to answer for the result."

But Richard North, with his good commonsense, was an obedient patient. He knew how necessary it was, if only for his recommencing business, that he should not long be laid by, and he kept as quiet as Mr. Seeley could wish. No stranger was allowed to disturb him; none of the household presumed to carry him the smallest particle of news, public or domestic.

It was during this confinement of Richard's that Ellen Adair received her summons for departure. Her father had arrived in London, and wrote to Mrs. Cumberland—all unconscious of that lady's death—begging that she and Ellen would join him there. He apologized to Mrs. Cumberland for not coming to Dallory, but said that family business required his presence in London. Mr. North at first proposed to take Ellen up himself: but he was really not fit; and it was decided that Parrit, Madam's maid, should attend her thither.

Ellen was allowed to go in and bid good-by to Richard before her departure. She burst into tears as she strove to thank him for his kindness.

"You must come and see papa as soon as you are well enough, Richard. When I tell him how kind you have been, he will want to see and thank you."

"Good-by, my dear," said Richard, releasing her hand. "I trust you will soon get up all your good spirits again, now your father has come."

She smiled faintly: it was not on her father—so imperfectly, if at all, remembered—that her spirits depended. As Ellen was passing through the hall to enter the carriage that would take her to the station, she found herself touched by Madam, and drawn into the dining-room.

"You have not seemed very happy with us, Miss Adair. But I have tried to make you so."

"Yes, Madam, I am sure you have; and I thank you very much," returned Ellen gratefully—for Madam really did appear to have been most kind to her of late. "I trust papa will have an opportunity of thanking you and Mr. North personally."

Madam coughed. "If you think I deserve thanks, I wish you would do me a slight favor in return."

"If I can. Certainly."

"Some years ago when we were in India," proceeded Madam, "my late husband, Major Bohun, and your father were acquainted with each other. Some unpleasant circumstances took place between them; a quarrel, in fact. Major Bohun considered he was injured; Mr. Adair thought it was himself who was. It was altogether very painful, and I would not for the world have that old matter raked up again; it would cost me too much pain. Will you, then, guard from Mr. Adair's knowledge that I, Mrs. North, am she who was once Mrs. Bohun."

"Yes, I will," said Ellen in the hasty impulse of the moment, without pausing to consider whether circumstances would allow her to do so.

"You promise me this."

"Yes, certainly. I will never speak of it to him, Madam."

"Thank you, my dear." And Madam kissed her, and took her out arm in arm to the carriage.

Day by day Richard North never failed to question the surgeon in a whisper, whether there was anything fresh arising in regard to the accusation against Dr. Rane. The answer was invariably No. In point of fact, Mr. Seeley, not hearing more of it himself, supposed there was not: and at length, partly in good faith, partly to calm his patient, who was restless on the subject, he said it had dropped through.

Had it! During Richard's active opposition, Madam had found her hands somewhat crippled; for she scarcely deemed it might be altogether to her own interest at the Hall to set him at defiance: but the moment he was laid up, she was at work again more actively than ever. It was nothing but a Providence, Madam considered, that had put Richard out of the way for a time: and could Madam have released Poole from the consequences of his act, and sent him on his road rewarded, she had certainly done it. She gained her point. Poor Mrs. Rane was to be taken up from her grave.

Dale, who had it in hand, went about the proceedings as quietly and secretly as possible. He was sorry to have to do it, for he bore no ill-will to Richard North, but the contrary, and he knew how anxious was he that this should not be done; while at the same time the lawyer hated Madam. But, he had no choice; he had received his orders, as coroner, to call an inquest, and could not evade it. He issued his instructions in private, strictly charging the few, who must act, to keep silence abroad. And not a syllable transpired beforehand.

The work was commenced in the dark of the winter's morning. By ten o'clock, however, the men had been seen in the churchyard, and secrecy was no longer possible. Like wild-fire ran the news to all parts of Dallory—Mrs. Rane was being taken up. Never had there been excitement akin to this. People rushed about like maniacs. They made nothing of knocking at the doors of others who were strangers to them, and leaving the tidings: the street was in an uproar, the windows were alive with heads: had Dallory suddenly found itself invaded by a destroying army, the commotion could not have been greater.

Oh, then began the exodus to the churchyard. It was as though strings of pilgrims were flocking to a shrine. Mr. Dale had foreseen this probability, and was prepared. A body of police appeared in the churchyard, and the pilgrims found they could not approach the actual spot beyond the limits of a respectful distance. Naturally resenting this, they relieved their feelings by loud talking.

Jelly was there. Never nearer losing her reason than now. Between dismay at what she had set afloat, and horror at the crime about to be revealed, Jelly was not clear whether she stood on her head or her heels. When the news was carried to her of what was going on, Jelly nearly fainted. Now that it had come to the point, she felt that she would have given the world never to have meddled with it. It was not so much of the responsibility to herself, she thought, as of the dreadful aspect of the thing altogether. She went into a fit of trembling, and ran into her chamber to hide it: when somewhat recovered, she asked leave of Mrs. Beverage to be allowed to go out for a few hours. To have been compelled to remain in-doors would have driven her quite mad. The morning was getting late when Jelly arrived at the scene, and the first person she particularly noticed there was Mrs. Gass.

But Mrs. Gass had not come forth in idle curiosity as most others had done—and there were some superior people, in regard to station, amidst the mob. Mrs. Gass was inexpressibly shocked and dismayed that it should really have come to this. Oliver Rane was her late husband's nephew; she truly did not think he could have been guilty; and she had hastened to the spot to see whether any argument or persuasion might avail at this the twelfth hour, to arrest proceedings and spare this disgrace to the North and Gass families.

But no. Stepping over the barrier-line that the police had drawn, without the smallest regard to the remonstrance of a red-faced inspector, who was directing things, Mrs. Gass approached the small throng around the grave. She might have spared herself the pain. In answer to her urgent appeal she was told that nobody here had any power now; it was gone out of their hands. In getting back, crestfallen, Mrs. Gass encountered Jelly.

"Well," said she, regarding Jelly sternly, "be you satisfied with your work."

Jelly never answered. In her shame, her regret, her humiliation, at what she had done, she could almost have wished herself laboring at some expiating treadmill.

"Any way, girl, you might have had the decency to keep away," went on Mrs. Gass.

"I couldn't," said Jelly meekly. "I couldn't stop at home, and bear it."

"Then I'd have gone a mile or two the tother way," retorted Mrs. Gass. "You've got a face of your own—to show it here. And a conscience too."

A frightful noise interrupted them: something between a shout and a yell. The heavy coffin was at length deposited on the ground with the tired pick-axes beside it, and the populace were expressing their mixed sentiments at the sight: some in a round of applause at this great advance in the show: others in a condemnatory groan of scorn, meant for him who had caused it—Dr. Rane. Mrs. Gass, what with the yelling, and what with the coffin and pick-axes, and what with the crush, had never felt so cruelly humiliated in all her days; and she retired behind a remote tree to hide her face of pain.

"Where is he, the murderer? Why don't he come and look on his poor victim? She'll soon be in sight. The crowner ought to ancuff him and haul him here. Drat them watchful perlice! They've got eyes behind 'em. They wants to be blowed up with a can o' powder. Look at old Jekyll there and his red face! Ugh! the poisoner! What had poor Bessy North done to him that he should put her in there! The lead's thick enough! it'll take time to open *that*. Bones! Blood! Fire!"

These sentences, amidst many others, penetrated to Mrs. Gass's ears. Just then Thomas Hepburn appeared in sight, his face very sad and pale.

"Hepburn," said Mrs. Gass, "I can't think they'll find anything wrong in there. My belief is, she died natural. Unless there were better grounds to go upon than I know of, they ought not to have gone to this shameful length."

"Ma'am, I don't think it either," assented the man. "I'm sure it has been more like a dream to me than anything else, since I heard it. Folks say it is Madam at the Hall that has forced it on."

Had Mrs. Gass been a man, she might have felt tempted to give Madam a very strong word. What right had she, in her ill-conditioned malace, to inflict this pain on others?

"Whatever may be the upshot of this, Thomas Hepburn, it will come home to her as sure as that we two be talking here. What are you going there for?" added Mrs. Gass, for he was preparing to make his way towards the open grave.

"I've had orders to be here, ma'am. Some of those law officials don't understand this work as well as I do."

He crossed over, the police making way for him, Inspector Jekyll giving him a nod. Jelly was standing not far from Mrs. Gass, leaning her forehead against a tree, as she strained her eyes to look on. By the eagerness displayed by the crowd, and the difficulty there was in keeping them back, it might have been supposed they thought that they had only to get to see the face of the dead body lying within, to have all suspicion of Dr. Rane proved.

The work went on. Now during an interval of almost breathless silence; now amidst a half-suppressed roar. Suddenly a frightful report was whispered from one to another—though who first spoke it, or whence it arose, none could discover. That their righteous curiosity was not to be gratified; as soon as the shell should be disinterred from the leaden coffin, it was to be taken away unopened with what it contained.

Unopened! would they stand this? Were they Englishmen, and should a miserable jackanapes-at-law (meant for Dale) treat them in this way. Had not Bessy North grown amidst them and would they not see justice done her? No, no; they had not come here to be cheated. They'd look on her if they died for it.

The leaden covering came off amidst a tumult, and the common deal shell alone remained now. So determined were the mob, so threatening grew their aspect and movements—and it was a pretty formidable mob now, as to numbers—that a timorous old magistrate, who was present, left the grave, and putting up his hands for a hearing, assured them that the shell was to be opened, and should be opened, there on the ground.

It was at this juncture that another spectator came slowly up—although it might have been supposed that the whole of Dallory was already there. The mob, their excited faces turned to the old magistrate and to Thomas Hepburn, who was already at work, did not see his approach, which was perhaps as well, for it was Dr. Rane.

Even from him had these proceedings been kept secret, perhaps especially from him; and it was only now, upon coming forth to visit a patient in Dallory, that he learnt what was taking place in the churchyard. He came to it at once: his countenance was stern, his face whiter than death.

Mrs. Gass saw him; Jelly saw him. Mrs. Gass silently moved to prevent his farther approach, putting her portly black silk skirts in his way. Her intentions were good.

"Go back," she whispered. "Steal away before you are seen. Look at this unruly mob here. They might tear you to pieces, doctor, in the humor they are in."

"Let them—when I have stopped *that*," he recklessly answered, pointing to what Thomas Hepburn was doing.

"You are mad, doctor," cried Mrs. Gass in excitement. "Stop that! Why, look, sir, how impossible it would be, even with the best wish to stop it now. A nail or two more knocked up, sir, and the lid's off."

It was as she said. Dr. Rane saw it. He took out his handkerchief, and passed it over his damp face.

"Richard North gave me his word that he would stop it if it came to such a pass as this," he murmured to himself more than to Mrs. Gass.

"Richard North knows no more o' this than it seems you knew of it," she said. "He is shut up in his room at the Hall, and hears nothing. Doctor, take advice and get away," she imploringly whispered. "There's time yet."

"No," he doggedly said. "As it has gone so far, I'll stand my ground now."

Mrs. Gass groaned. The sound was lost in a rush—a fight—a hoarse roar—policemen contending against King Mob, King Mob against policemen. It turned even Mrs. Gass pale. Dr. Rane arrested his advancing steps. Jelly lifted her face and peered out from the distant tree.

The lid had been lifted and the open shell stood exposed. It was more than the excited numbers could witness, and be still. Inspector Jekyll and his fellows keep them back from looking into it? Never. A short, sharp struggle, and the police and their staves were nowhere. With a triumphant whoop the crowd flew forward.

But a strange hush, seemingly of consternation, had fallen on those who stood at the grave; a hush fell on these interlopers as they reached it. The coffin was empty. Of all unexpected stoppages to proceedings, official or otherwise, a more complete one than this had never fallen. The old magistrate, the coroner—who had just come striding over the ground, to see how things were going on—Thomas Hepburn, and others generally, stared at the empty coffin in profound perplexity.

And the draggle-tail mob, when it had taken its fill of staring also, elbowing each other in the process of fighting ruefully for place and precedence, burst out into a roar, not at all complimentary to Dr. Rane.

"He have sold her for dissection, he have! He never put her in it at all, he didn't! He had a sham funeral! 'Twarn't enough to poison of her, but he must sell her a'ter it!"

To accuse a man of these heinous offences behind his back and beyond his hearing, is one thing, but it is not felt to be quite so convenient to do it in his presence. The sight of Dr. Rane walking calmly (not to say impudently) across the churchyard into their very midst, struck a kind of timidity into the roarers. Silence supervened. They even parted to let him pass, backing on each other's feet without mercy. Dr. Rane threw his glance on the empty coffin, and then on those who stood around it.

"Well," said he, "why don't you take me?"

And not a soul ventured to reply.

"I have murdered my wife, have I? If I *have*, why you know I deserve no quarter. Come, Mr. Coroner, why don't you issue your edict to arrest me? You have your officers handy."

The exceeding independence with which this was spoken; the impudent freedom of Dr. Rane's demeanor, the scornful mockery of his tone, could not be surpassed. He had the best of it now; might say what he pleased, and laugh derisively at them at will: and they knew it. Even Dale, the coroner, felt small—which is saying a good deal of a lawyer.

Turning round, the doctor walked slowly back again, his umbrella swinging, his head aloft in the air. Mrs. Gass met him midway.

"Tell me the truth for the love of goodness, doctor, I have never believed it of you. You did not help her to her death?"

"Help her to her death?" he retorted. "No: my wife was too dear to me for that. I'd have killed the whole world rather than her—if it must have come to killing at all."

"And I believe you, doctor," was the hearty response. "And I have told everybody, from the first, that the charge was wicked and preposterous."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gass."

He broke from her, from any further questions she might have put, and stalked away towards Dallory, coolly saying that he had a patient to see.

As to the crowd, they really did not know what to make of this: it was a shameful cheat. The small throng of officials, including the police, seemed to know as little. To be enabled to take Oliver Rane in custody for the poisoning of his wife, they must first find the wife, and ascertain whether she had been poisoned. Lawyer Dale had never met with so bewildering a check in the long course of his practice; the red-faced Inspector stroked his chin, and the old magistrate clearly had not got his proper mind back yet.

By the appearance of the shell it appeared pretty evident that the dead body had never been in it. What had he done with it? where could he have hidden it? A thought crossed Mr. Jekyll, experienced in crime, that he might have concealed it in his house—or buried it in his garden.

"How was it you did not feel the lightness of the shell when you put it into the lead, you and your men?" asked the inspector, turning sharply to Thomas Hepburn.

"We did not do it," was the undertaker's answer. "Dr. Rane undertook that himself, on account of the danger of infection. We went and soldered it down, but it was all ready for us."

A clearer suspicion of guilt, than this fact conveyed, could not well be found: as they all murmured one to another. The old magistrate rubbed up his hair, as if he could rub up his intellect.

"I don't understand," he said, still bewildered. "Why should he have kept her out of the coffin? If he—if he did what was wrong, surely to bury her out of sight would be the safest place to hide away his crime. What do you think about it, Jekyll?"

"Well, your worship, I can only think that—that he might have feared some such proceeding as this, and so secured himself against it," was the Inspector's answer. "I don't know, of course: it is only an idea."

"But *where* is the body, Jekyll!" persisted the magistrate. "What could he have done with it?"

"It must be our business to find out, your worship."

"Did he eat her up?" demanded the mob. For which interruption they were chased backwards by the army of discomfitted policemen.

"She may be about his premises still, your worship," said the Inspector, hazarding the opinion. "If so, I should say she is lying a few feet below the surface somewhere in the garden."

"Bless my heart, what a frightful thing!" cried his worship. "And about this? What is going to be done?"

He pointed to the coffins and the open grave. "Yes: what was to be done? Lawyer Dale searched his legal memory and could not remember any similar precedent to guide him. A short counsel was held, the outsiders groaning and hissing an accompaniment to it.

"When her bones is found, poor lady, they'll want Chris'an bur'al: as good let the grave lie open," interposed one of the grave-diggers, respectfully—who no doubt wished to be spared the present labor of filling-in the earth. To which opinion the gentlemen, consulting there, condescended to listen.

And, finally, that course was decided upon; Thomas Hepburn being requested to have the coffins removed to his place, pending inquiry. And the gentlemen dispersed, and the mob after them.

A very dissatisfied mob it was, shuffling and trampling out of the churchyard. They did not get much pleasure now, poor things, in their enforced idleness, their semi-starvation: and to be balked in this way was about as mortifying a termination as the day could have had. There was only one worse—a possibility not glanced at: that it should have been discovered poor Mrs. Rane died naturally.

The last person left in the churchyard—except a man or two, who stayed to guard the coffins, while means were being brought to take them away—was Jelly. To have watched Jelly's countenance when the empty shell stood revealed, would have been as good as looking at a picture. The mouth opened, the jaw dropped, the eyes were strained. It was worse than even Jelly had supposed—and Dr. Rane was a greater villain. Not content with taking his wife's life, he had also taken her body. Whether he had disposed of it in the manner affirmed by the mob, or in that suggested by the Inspector, or in any other way, the doctor must be one of the most hardened criminals breathing—his brazen demeanor just now in the graveyard would bear out *that*. And now the trouble was no nearer its clearance than before—and Jelly almost wished, as she had wished many a time lately, that she could die. Hiding herself from the spectators stood she, her brow pressed against the friendly tree's trunk, her heart faint within her. When the echoes of the trampling mob died away in the distance, Jelly lifted her head to depart also, drawing her black shawl around her with a shudder.

"*That's* why she can't rest, poor lady; she's not laid in consecrated ground. At the worst, I never suspected this."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A NIGHT EXPEDITION.

Seven o'clock was striking out on the dark winter's night, as a hired carriage with a pair of post horses drew up near to the gates of Dallory Hall. Apparently the special hour had been agreed upon for a rendezvous, for before the clock had well told its numbers, a small group of people might have been seen approaching the carriage from different ways.

There issued out from the Hall gates, Mr. North, leaning on the right arm of his son Richard. Richard had quitted his chamber to join in this expedition. His left arm was

in a sling, and he looked pale: but he was fast advancing towards recovery; and Mr. Seeley, consulted confidentially, had given him leave to go. Mrs. Gass came up from the direction of Dallory; and Dr. Rane came striding from the Ham. A red-faced portly gentleman in plain clothes, who was standing by the carriage, greeted them: without his official costume and in the dark night, few would have recognized him for Inspector Jekyll who had been directing in the churchyard the day before. Mrs. Gass, Mr. North, and Richard, got into the carriage. The inspector was about to ascend to the box, the position being on the horses, but Dr. Rane said he would prefer to sit outside himself. So Mr. Jekyll got inside, and the doctor got up, and the carriage drove away down Dallary Ham.

Pouring out after it in the dark night behind the post of the gates, was Mrs. North. Some one by her side—it was only a servant-boy—ran off at a signal from her towards the stables with a message, as fast as his legs would carry him. There came back in answer Madam's carriage—which must have been waiting for the signal—with a pair of fresh fleet horses.

"Catch it up, and keep it in sight at a distance," were her orders to the coachman, as she stepped in. So the post carriage was being tracked and followed: a fact none of its inmates had the slightest notion of.

In her habit of peeping and prying, of listening at this door, of putting her ear to that, of glancing surreptitiously into other people's letters, and of ferreting generally, Madam had become aware during the last twenty-four hours, that some unusual stir was shaking the equanimity of Mr. North and Richard, that some journey, to be taken in secret by Mr. North, and kept secret, was being determined on. Conscience—when it's not a good one—is apt to suggest all kinds of unpleasant things, and Madam's whispered to her that this midden expedition had reference to herself; and—perhaps—to a gentleman who had recently arrived in England, William Adair.

Madam's cheeks turned pale through powder and rouge, and she bit her lips and her nails in impotent rage. She could have found means no doubt to keep Mr. North indoors, though she had broken his leg to do it; she could have found means to keep Richard also, had she known he was to be of the party: but of what avail! Never a cleverer woman lived than Madam, and she had the sense to know that a meeting with Mr. Adair (and she believed the journey had reference to nothing else) could not be prevented in this way: it must take place sooner or later.

A carriage was to be in waiting near the Hall gates after dark, at seven o'clock—Madam got hold of so much. Where was it going? In which direction? For what purpose? At least Madam could ascertain that. She gave private orders of her own: and as night approached, retired to her room with a headache, forbidding Mr. North and the household to disturb her. Mr. North, as he sat his dinner in his parlor, thought how well things were turning out. He had been haunted with a fear of Madam's pouncing upon him at the moment of departure with a demand to know the why and the wherefore.

Madam, attired for a journey likewise, had escaped from the Hall long before seven, and taken up her place amidst the shrubs near the entrance gates, her position conveniently commanding both the way from the house and the road outside it. On the stroke of seven, steps were heard advancing, and Madam strained her eyes.

Richard! *Richard!* Who had not yet been out of his sick room! But for his voice, as he spoke to his father, and the black sling, so clear as he passed her, Madam would have thought the night was playing tricks with eyesight.

She could not see who else got into the carriage: but she did see Dr. Rane come striding by; and she thought it was he upon the box when the carriage passed. Dr. Rane? Madam, catching up her breath, wondered what private histories Mrs. Cumberland had confided to him, and how much of them he was now on his way to bear testimony to. Madam was altogether on the wrong scent—the result of her suggestive conscience.

In a twinkling almost, she was shut up in her own carriage, as described, her coachman alone outside it.

The man had no difficulty in obeying orders. The lumbering post-carriage was not as fleet as Madam's. Keeping at a safe distance, he followed in its wake, unsuspected. First of all, down the Bach lane, and then through all kinds of unfrequented, cross-country by-ways. About altogether, as both drivers thought, fifteen or sixteen miles.

The post-carriage drew up at a solitary house situated near a small hamlet. Madam's carriage halted, too, further off. Getting out of it, she told her coachman to wait; and she stole cautiously along under cover of the hedge, to watch proceedings. It was then about nine o'clock.

They were all going into the house: a little crowd of them, as it seemed to Madam; and the post-carriage went slowly away, perhaps to an inn. What had they gone to that house for? Was Mr. Adair in it? Madam was determined to see. She partly lost sight of prudence in her desperation, and was at the door just as it closed after them. Half a minute, and she knocked softly with her knuckles. It was opened by a young girl with a scarlet country face, and scarlet elbows.

"Law!" said she, "I thought they was all in. Do you belong to 'em?"

"Yes," said Mrs. North.

So she went in also, and crept up the dark staircase after them, directed by the girl. "Fust door you comes to at the top." Madam's face was growing of a ghastly whiteness: she fully expected to see William Adair.

The voices would have guided her without anything else. Several were heard talking together inside the room: her husband's she distinguished plainly: and she thought, Madam certainly thought he was sobbing. Madam went into a heat at that. What revelation had Mr. Adair been already making? He had lost no time.

The door was not latched. Madam cautiously pushed it an inch or two open so as to enable her to see in. She looked very ugly just now, her lips drawn back from her teeth with emotion, something like a hyena's. Madam looked in; and saw, not Mr. Adair, but—Bessy Rane.

Bessy Rane. She was standing near the table, while Dr. Rane was talking. Standing quite still, with her placid face, her pretty curls falling, and a violet-colored merino gown on, that Madam had seen her wear a dozen times. In short it was just like Bessy Rane in life. On the table, by the side of the one candle, lay some white work, as if just put out of hand.

In all Madam's life she had perhaps never been so frightened as now—with present, sheer fright. The truth did not occur to her. She surely thought it was an apparition, as Jelly had before thought; or that—or that—Bessy had in some mysterious manner been conveyed hither from that empty grave. In these moments of confusion the mind is apt to run away with itself. Madam's was not strong enough to endure the shock, and be silent. With a piercing shriek, she turned to fly, and fell against a whitewashed chimney that the architect of the old-fashioned house had thought fit to carry upwards through the centre of it. The next moment she was in hysterics.

Bessy was the first to run to attend her, Bessy herself, you understand, not her ghost. In a corner of the capacious old room, built when ground was cheap, was Bessy's bed; and on this they laid Mrs. North. Madam was not long in recovering her equanimity: but she continued where she was, making believe she was exhausted, and put a corner of her shawl over her face. For once in her life the face had some shame in it.

Yes: Bessy is not dead. Humanly speaking, there had never at all been any more probability of Bessy's demise than there was of Madam's at this moment. Dr. Rane is giving the explanation, and the others are standing around to listen, except Mr. North, who has sat down in an elbow chair of polished wood, while Richard leans the weight of his undamaged arm on its back. Mrs. Gass has pushed back her bonnet from her beaming face; the Inspector looks impassive as befits his calling, but on the whole pleased.

"I am not ashamed of what I have done," said Dr. Rane, standing by Bessy's side; "and I only regret it for the pain my wife's supposed death caused her best friends, Mr. North and Richard. I would have given much to tell the truth to Mr. North, but I know it would not be safe to entrust it to him, and so I wished to let it wait until we should have left the country. For all that has occurred you must blame the tontine. That is, blame the Ticknell's who obstinately, wrongly, cruelly kept the money from us. There were reasons—my non-success in my profession for one—why I wished to quit Dallory, and start afresh in another place: I and my wife talked of it until it grew, with me, into a disease; and I believe Bessy got to wish for it at last almost as I did."

"Yes I did, Oliver," she put in.

"Look at the circumstances," resumed Dr. Rane, in his sternest tones, and not at all as though he were on his defence. "There was the sum of money—two thousand pounds—belonging to me and my wife jointly, and they denied our touching it until one of us should be dead! It was monstrously unjust. I think you must acknowledge that much, Mr. Inspector."

"Well—it did seem hard," acknowledged that functionary.

"I know I thought it so," said Mrs. Gass.

"It was worse than hard," spoke the doctor passionately. "I used to say to my wife that if I could take it out of the old trustees' hands by force, or stratagem, I should think it no shame. Idle talk, it was; never meant to be anything else. But I'll get on. The fever broke out in Dallory, and Bessy was taken ill. She thought it was the fever, and so did I. I had fancied her a little afraid of it, and was in my heart secretly thankful to Mr. North for inviting her to the Hall. But for her putting off the going to it for a day—which she did herself through the absence of Molly Green—what happened later could never have taken place."

Dr. Rane paused, as if considering how he should go on with his story. After a moment he resumed it, looking straight at them, as he had been looking all along.

"I wish you to understand that every word that I am telling you—and shall tell you—is the strict truth. The truth, upon my honor, and before Heaven. And yet, perhaps, even after this, you will scarcely give me credit when I say that—that I did believe my wife's illness was the fever. All that first day (she had been taken ill during the night with sickness and shivering) I thought it was the fever. Seeley thought it. She was in a very high state of feverishness, and no doubt the fear of the fever for her served somewhat to bias our judgment. Bessy herself said it was the fever, and would not hear a word of hope to the contrary. But at night—the night of the first day, remember—she had nearly an hour of sickness; and was so relieved by it, and grew so cool and collected, that I detected the nature of the case. It was nothing but a bad bilious attack, accompanied by a very unusual degree of fever; but not *the* fever. 'You have cheated me, my darling,' I said in a jesting way as I kissed her, 'I shall not get the tontine.'—Here she stands by my side to confirm or refute it," broke off Dr. Rane, but indeed they could all see he was relating the simple truth. "'Can you not pretend that I am dead, Oliver?' she answered faintly, for she was still exceedingly ill; 'I'll go away, and you can say I died.' Now of course Bessy spoke this jestingly, as I had done; but nevertheless the words did lead to what afterwards took place. *I* proposed it—do not lay the blame on Bessy—that she really should go away, and I should give out that she was dead."

A slight groan from the region of the bed, smothered at once by a pretended snore. Dr. Rane continued.

"In prospective it seemed very easy of accomplishment—very. But had I foreseen all the disagreeable proceedings, the artifice, the trouble, that must inevitably attend such an attempted deceit, I should never have entered upon it. Had I properly reflected I of course might have foreseen it; but I did not reflect. Like a great many schemes that we enter upon in life, the mind skips the working, and is content to skip it, and looks only to the end accomplished. Nearly all that night Bessy and I conversed together: chiefly planning how she should get away and where she should stay. By morning, what with the fatigue induced by this prolonged vigil, and the exhaustion left from her illness, she was thoroughly worn out. It had been agreed between us that she should simulate weariness and a desire to sleep, the better to evade a discovery of her, so far, restoration; but there was no need to simulate; she was both sleepy and exhausted."

"I never was so sleepy before in all my life," interrupted Bessy.

"At ten o'clock, when Phillis left, I went up to my wife's room, and told her the time for acting had come," resumed Dr. Rane. "Coming down again I crossed over to Seeley's with the news that my wife was gone; and I strove to show the grief I should have felt had it been true. Crossing back to my home again, I saw Frank Dallory, and told him. 'The play is inaugurated,' I said to Bessy when I went in—and then I betook myself to Mr. North; and then on to Hepburn's. Do you remember, sir, how I tried to sooth your grief?—speaking persistently of hope—though of course you could not see that any hope remained," asked Dr. Rane, turning to Mr. North. "I dared not speak more plainly, though I longed to do it."

"Ay, I do remember," answered Mr. North.

"The worst part of all the business was the next; the bringing in of the shell," continued the doctor. "Worse, because I had a horror of my wife seeing it. I contrived that she did not. Hepburn's men brought it up to the ante-room. Bessy was in bed still in the front room, and she heard them; I could not help that. When they left, I put it down by the side of the wall with the trestles, threw some of my coats carelessly upon it, and so hid it. It was time then for Bessy to get up. While she was dressing, I went round to the stables where the gig and horse I used are kept, to make sure that the ostler had gone to bed—for he had a habit sometimes of sitting up late. It was during this absence of mine that Bessy, dressed all but her gown, went to the landing to listen whether, or not, I had come in. The chamber door was open, so that the light shone on the landing; it happened to be at that moment that Jelly was at the opposite window, and she—later—took it to be Mrs. Rane's ghost that she saw."

The sight of Mrs. Gass's amused face was something good. She nodded in triumph.

"I thought it might be beer," said she. "I told Jelly what an uncommon idiot she was. Ghost, indeed!"

"Bessy made herself ready, took some refreshment, and I brought the gig to the back door in the garden, and drove my wife away. The only place open at that time of night—or rather morning—would be some insignificant railway station. We fixed on Hewley. I drove her there; and left her sitting under cover: in solitary state—for I had to get back with the horse and gig before people were astir. As soon as the morning was pretty well on, so as not to be remarked by strangers, Bessy walked to Churchend, about five miles' distance, and took a lodging in this house—this same room. Where she has been ever since—and it is a vast deal longer time than we calculated on. Poison my wife!" added Dr. Rane, with some emotion, as he drew her to him involuntarily, with a gesture of genuine love. She is rather too precious to me for that. *You* know; don't you, my darling."

The happy tears stood in her eyes as she met his. He stooped and kissed her very fondly.

"If my wife were taken from me, the Ticknells might keep the tontine money, and welcome; I should not care for it without Bessy. It was chiefly for her sake that my great desire to possess it arose," he added, emphatically. "I could not bear that she should be reduced to so poor a home after Dallory Hall. Bessy constantly said that she did not mind it, but *I* did; minded it for her."

"Couldn't you have managed all this without the funeral?" asked Richard North, speaking for the first time.

"*How* could I?" returned Dr. Rane. "There were no means of avoiding it. When my wife was given out as dead, she had to be buried, or Mr. Inspector Jekyll there, might have been coming in to ask the reason why. Had I properly thought of all that must be done, I should, as I say, never have attempted it. It was hateful to me; and I declare that I don't know how I could, or did, carry it through. Once or twice I thought I must stick fast, and confess to my shame that Bessy was alive—but I felt that might be worse, of the two, than going on with it to the end. I hope the Ticknells will suffer for what they have cost me."

"Jelly says she saw the ghost twice," observed Mrs. Gass, her eyes twinkling still.

"Ah! that was Bessy's fault," said Dr. Rane, shaking his head at his wife, in mock reproval, as we do at a beloved child when it is naughty. "She was so imprudent as to come home for a few hours—walking across country by easy stages and getting in after nightfall. It was about her clothes. I have been over here twice at night—or three times, is it not Bessy?—and brought her things each time. But I brought the most valuable of them: Bessy said she must have the others, and at last, as I tell you, she came herself, to look after them. I think the clothes were only an excuse—oh! Bessy?"

"Partly," acknowledged Bessy. "For, oh! I longed for a sight of home. Just one more night as a farewell. I had quitted it in so bewildering a hurry. It again led to Jelly's seeing me. I was at my large chest-of-drawers, papa," she continued, as if speaking for Mr. North alone. "Oliver had gone round to get the gig to bring me back; I thought I heard him come in again, and went to the landing to listen. It was not he, but Jelly: and we met face to face. I assure you she frightened *me*—for consequences—quite as much as I did her."

"And, Bessy, my dear, what have the people here thought about it all the time?" inquired Mr. North. "Do they know who you are?"

"Why of course not, papa. They think I am a lady in bad health, staying here for the sake of country air—and I did feel and look very ill when I came. It is an old widow lady who has the house, and the girl you saw is her servant. They are not curious. They know us only as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, and think we live at Bletchley. I want to know who it was that pushed matters to extremity in regard to these proceedings against my husband," added Mrs. Rane, after a pause. "It was not you, papa: and Richard was doing his best to hush it all up. Richard had known the truth since an interview he held with Oliver. Who was it, papa?"

Madam tumbled off the bed, moaning a little as if she were very weak. Bessy had not the slightest idea that Madam had been the culprit.

"Who was it, Mr. Jekyll!" continued Bessy.

The Inspector looked up to the ceiling and down to the floor; and then thought the candle wanted snuffing. Which it certainly did. Madam said in a shrieking voice, as he was putting down the snuffers, that she should depart. If the others chose to stay and countenance all this unparalleled iniquity, *she* could not.

She arose, upright as ever, tossing back her head, all her native impudence returning to her. Dr. Rane quietly put himself in her path as she was gaining the door.

"Mrs. North, pardon me if I request you to give me a little information ere you depart, as it is probably the last time we shall meet. What has been the cause of the long-continued and persistent animosity you have borne towards me!"

"Animosity to *you!*" returned Madam, flippantly. "I have borne none."

The exceeding coolness of the avowal, in the teeth of facts, struck them as almost ludicrous. Mr. North raised his head and gazed at her in surprise.

"You have pursued me with the most bitter animosity since the first moment that I came to Dallory, Madam," said Dr. Rane, quietly and steadily. "You have kept practice from me; you have done what you can to crush me. It is you who urged on this recent charge against me—a very present proof of what I assert. But for you it might never have been made."

Madam was slightly at bay: she seemed just a little flurried. Rallying her powers, she confronted Dr. Rane, and told him that she did not think him skillful and did not personally like him: if she had been biassed against him, the feeling must have taken its rise in that—there was nothing else.

Another of her shuffling untruths—and they all knew it for one. But they would get nothing better from her.

The fact was this: Madam had feared that Mrs. Cumberland could, and perhaps would, throw some light on a certain episode of the past years; which contingency Madam had dreaded above any earthly thing; for this she had wished and hoped to drive Mrs. Cumberland from the place; and had deemed that if she could drive away Oliver Rane, his mother might follow. That was the real truth: but no living person, save Madam, suspected it.

She quitted the room with the last denial, conscious that she did not just now appear to advantage—the sneaking act of tracking them this night, Madam, with all her sophistry, could not plead an excuse for. They let her go. Even the Inspector did not pay her the courtesy of opening the door for her exit, or of lighting her down the crooked, old wooden stairs. It was Bessy who ran to do it.

"When you found things were going to be pushed against you, sir, why did you not declare the truth?" asked the Inspector of Dr. Rane.

"I knew that the moment I declared the truth, all hope of the Tontine money would be at an end; that I should have done what I had done for nothing," answered Dr. Rane. "Richard North undertook to give me notice in time, if things should be pushed to an extremity; but he got disabled, you know, and could not. Until they were in the act of disturbing the grave, I had no warning of it."

A pause of silence followed the answer. Dr. Rane resumed.

"Ill-luck seems to have attended it from the first. Perhaps nothing better was to be expected. Jelly's having seen my wife was a great misfortune. And then look at the delay as to the Tontine money! Had the trustees paid it at once, Bessy and I should have been safe away long ago."

"Where to?" asked Mrs. Gass.

"America. It is where we shall now go in any case. As I have not the money to join Dr. Jones as a partner, I daresay he'll be glad of me as an assistant."

"Look here," said Mrs. Gass. "I don't say that what you've done is anything but a very wrong thing, doctor; but it might have been worse: and, compared to what a lot o' fools were saying, it seems but a trifle. I was once about to make you an offer of some money. Finding you couldn't get the tontine paid to you and your wife, which, as I've told you, I thought was a shame, all circumstance considered, I resolved to advance it to you myself. Mrs. Rane's death stopped me, leastways her reported death. You won't get it now, doctor, for certain, from the Ticknells—for I suppose they'll have to be told the truth; and so you shall have it from me. Two thousand pounds is ready for you at your command."

A red spot of emotion flushed Dr. Rane's pale face. He gazed at Mrs. Gass eagerly, as if asking whether it could be true.

"It's all right, doctor. You are my late husband's nephew, you know, and all the money was his. You'll find yourself and your wife substantially remembered in my will; and as two thousand pounds of it may do you good now, it shall be advanced to you."

Bessy stole round to Mrs. Gass, and burst into tears on her bosom. Happy, grateful tears. The doctor, the scarlet flush deepening on his face, took Mrs. Gass's hand and clasped it.

"And I wish to my very heart I had made no delay in the offer at first," cried Mrs. Gass. "It'll always be a warning to me not to put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. And so, doctor, there's the money ready; and Bessy, my dear, I don't see why you and he need banish of yourselves to America. You might get a good practice, doctor, and not go further nor London."

"I must go to America; I must go," said the doctor, hastily. "Neither I nor Bessy would like now to stay in England."

"Well, perhaps you be right," acquiesced Mrs. Gass.

"But it's a long way," said Mr. North.

"It may not be forever, sir," observed Dr. Rane, cheerfully. "I know I shall do well there; and when I have made a fortune perhaps we may come back and live in London. Never again in Dallory. Or, if not to live, to visit. The old and the new world are brought very near to each other now, sir."

Is it of any use pursuing the interview to its close? When they went out again after it was over, Madam's carriage was only then driving off. Madam's coachman had put up horses somewhere; and neither he nor they could be found. There was apparently no house open in the primitive village, and Madam had the pleasure of undergoing an hour or two's soaking in a good, sound down-pouring rain.

"I shall have to make things right with the authorities; and I suppose Hepburn may keep the coffins for his pains," quaintly remarked Mr. Inspector Jekyll.

But the carriage took back one less than it had brought. For Dr. Rane did not return again to Dallory. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A combination of Ulysses and Ajax is Bismarck, a man full of resources, with physical and moral courage, shrewdness, and an indomitable will, wit, humor, sagacity, recklessness, and an intuitive comprehension of men's characters.

☞ To illustrate the way the law is vindicated in the West, we publish a notice posted up by a Montana sheriff:—"All persons who have been indicted by the Grand Jury for horse stealing or murder are requested to report to the sheriff within ten days for trial, or they will have to be looked after."

☞ It is said that when sewing-girls are allowed to laugh aloud, talk and sing, they do more and better work than when silence is compelled.

A WIFE.

BY ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

The wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
With cold, calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances—
Love that could sorrow, and never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet,—
The black cloud loosened, the storm-rain fell:
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,—
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

The Chinese as House Servants.

I believe that the general verdict of San Francisco housewives is universally in their favor. To any of our Eastern householders who may desire to import and use them as servants, I would candidly say that there is very little encouragement that they can obtain them at reasonable rates. Here in San Francisco they readily obtain $15 to $20 per month, gold, and board. They would not go to the Eastern states and work for $12, currency, as is our customary wages to hired help; for the same able-bodied Chinaman who could work in your kitchen can easily get work out doors on railroads or in factories for $20 per month, gold, and board. Neither can you hope for *Chinese girls;* for they are imported for the most immoral purposes only, and disdain any class of work. So our Eastern people need fear no disturbance in the household-labor market for many years to come, for Chinese labor is more costly than our present customary help.—*Correspondent of Independent.*

Bridal Presents.

One of the singular customs of our time is that of carrying coals to Newcastle at the weddings of the rich. If our wealthy relative is led to the altar, we cast about for a suitable present, sufficiently elegant, sufficiently costly, for one in her affluent circumstances. If our poor relative is married, we think that almost anything will do for her. People of even moderate means are found straining several points to carry costly gifts to the abode of unusual wealth; while people of abundant means are not much addicted to extravagance when invited to the nuptials of a pair in moderate circumstances.

This custom arises partly out of the extreme deference to money, which is one of the shabby characteristics of our time, and partly out of a desire to rise to the standard to which the recipient has been accustomed. But a little thoughtfulness ought to correct the whole habit. Wedding presents as now bestowed, are not expressions of affection from friends—but are expressions of our desire to do what is considered the proper thing. If we wish to make costly presents, let us have mind enough to bestow them where they will be a blessing for life—upon our poor relations.—*Germantown Chronicle.*

☞ A correspondent writes that a peculiar scene was enacted at the surrender of Toul. Instead of the bitter feeling on the one side and the exultation on the other usually aroused on such occasions, both parties, when the gate was opened, seemed to meet like the best friends. The French garrison were delighted to be out of it, and the German besiegers no less so to find their work at an end. There being many Alsatians among the garrison, besiegers and besieged at once entered into conversation, shared the contents of their flasks with each other, and but for the stringent rules separating prisoner from conqueror, would doubtless have made a night of it. The inhabitants of the town, too, came out with radiant countenances, and held a regular holiday after their long imprisonment. Excursions into the country were immediately undertaken, and civilians and officers, the latter released on parole, were seen driving about and inspecting the position which had so recently menaced them.

☞ There are the strongest of reasons for believing that death from lightning must be painless, the nervous system requiring a certain interval of time to become conscious of pain.

☞ The Louisville Courier-Journal says that Tilton and Fulton "belong to that class of material out of which we should make missionaries to the Cannibal Islands." Such direct insults to the cannibals can be productive of no good.

☞ Mrs. Atkinson, of Providence, thus sums up her three years' experience of married life:—"The first year my husband called me 'my dear;' the second year, 'Mrs. A.;' and the third year, 'old sorrel-top.' This last I could *not* stand." Well, why did not she call him "old pudding-head?"

☞ An English nobleman has taken up his residence in the centre of the Dismal Swamp, Virginia. Blighted affections are supposed to be the cause of his trouble. He feels swamped.

☞ In the town of Weld (Me.) over one thousand cords of poplar, birch and ash are made up into spools, salt-boxes and butter-firkins each year. This makes a market for kinds of wood formerly thought almost useless.

☞ DAKOTA.—Returns of the election in Dakota indicate the choice of Armstrong, Democrat, as Delegate to Congress, by about 150 majority. There were two Republican candidates—Burleigh and Spink—and it is announced that Burleigh will contest Armstrong's election.

☞ A railway train was stopped near Evansville, Indiana, lately, by a fiery goblin standing ahead on the track. An illuminated pumpkin proved to be the head and front of the terror. Corn husks and corn silk furnished the grizzly beard; imagination did the rest. Wrong.

☞ Shocks of earthquake were felt last week at Athens, simultaneously, with the appearance of a brilliant aurora.

Cold Winters.

"Look out for a cold winter," is the sage remark of some real and many would-be philosophers. There is a very general feeling that there is a sort of system of compensation in nature, and that if we have a hot summer we shall consequently have a cold winter. The wise men of the earth have been investigating this subject of the fluctuations of the temperature of our planet. Professor Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, finds reason to believe, from his investigations, that in addition to the ordinary annual cycle of temperature there are two other cycles, one being about two years and the other over eleven years. To the effect of these cycles, which correspond to certain changes in the spots on the sun, our so-called variations of climate are referred. From a series of observations made from 1837 to the present time, Professor Smyth shows that a hot time has occurred about every eleven years, followed, at intervals of about two years, by a very cold period. Arguing from these data, he believes that the temperature of a season may be foretold a year in advance, and that there is a probability the winter of 1871-72 will be exceedingly severe. Time will show. If so, we may comfort ourselves, while braving bitter cold and blocking snow, with the thought that *ice* is forming for the following summer—a consideration which should enable us to endure the blast of old Boreas with patience.

Leaves.

This is the season for beautiful leaves. Every day we may expect to see the living green flush crimson like the maple, or scarlet like the sumach, or soft brown like the oak, or golden yellow like the horse-chestnut. Do young readers know what beautiful ornaments, these leaves, by some called dead, make for their rooms? They must be nicely dried, in books, or between boards—the leaves or papers changed every two or three days—and heavy weights put on that they may lie flat. Some persons press them with a moderately warm flat iron when they first gather them. Get all the richest colors you can, and add to them the lovely green ferns and brakes which any little walk into the country will give you, and you have no idea, if you have never tried it, what a charming finish they give to a room, wreathed around pictures, or over a bay window, or a door opening into another room. You secure a depth of color, a warm glow and a spirit of grace and beauty which, even if your room is very simple and unadorned, will render it attractive. Try it.

D'ISRAELI.—The following is an account of D'Israeli's appearance at the hustings in 1847:

The Author of "Vivian Grey."—There was a good deal of opposition to young D'Israeli in Buckinghamshire at the recent English elections. But he seems to have stood his ground manfully, and refused to be put down either by demagogue or saint. It is the custom of candidates when the high sheriff declares them elected, to make their addresses to the electors and declare what they will do. Hisses and groans saluted D'Israeli when so doing; and as he began to speak there were loud cries of "Oh!" and "Ah!"—the ejaculators of which D'Israeli denounced on the spot as "gaping orators," "melodious owls," &c.,—"whose most brilliant rhetoric is a howl, and whose happiest repartee is a hiss," &c., &c. Further on, a scene like this occurred, (some one in the crowd having bawled out to him "speak quick!")

"Speak quick! (retorted D'Israeli.) It is very easy for you to speak quick, when you only utter a stupid monosyllable. [Loud cheers and laughter.] But when I speak I must measure my words. *I have to open your great thick head.* [Laughter.] *What I speak is to enlighten you.* If I bawl like you, you will leave the place as ignorant as you entered it." [Renewed laughter.]

This scene is quite equal to some with which our stump orators at the West are familiar. But we doubt if any one of them could have stood his ground better than did the author of "Vivian Grey."

THE popularity which success in athletic games gives to a college is almost as great as the popularity attending a high standard from a literary point of view. A tutor of Yale, at the boat race between Yale and Harvard, said: "I hope Yale will win, for if she does our freshman class will be much larger than it would be should we lose." The race was rowed, Harvard won it, and the words of the tutor proved to be true; for Yale has in her freshman class 148, while Harvard has over 200, and almost half of this number applied after the race for admission.

RULES AND MAXIMS.—It used to be said in regard to horses:

"One white foot, buy him,
Two white feet, try him,
Three white feet, deny him,
Four white feet and a white nose,
Take off his shoes and give him to the crows."

But the advent of Dexter has changed the sinister rhyme to:

One white foot, spy him,
Two white feet, try him,
Three white feet, buy him,
Four white feet and a white nose,
And a mile in 2-17 he goes.
—*Punchinello.*

'Tis done—but *yesterday* a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it yet some imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound:
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the storminess of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!
—*Byron to the First Napoleon.*

Good Manners.

Speaking at a recent meeting, Dr. Guthrie said—"Ask a person at Rome to show you the road, and he will always give a civil and polite answer; but ask any person a question for that purpose in this country (Scotland,) and he will say, 'Follow your nose, and you will find it.' But the blame in this country is not with the lower classes. The blame is with the upper classes; and the reason why, in this country, the lower classes are not polite, is because the upper classes are not polite.

"I remember how astonished I was the first time I was in Paris. I spent the first night with a banker, who took me to a *pension*, or, as we call it, a boarding-house. When we got there, a servant girl came to the door, and the banker took off his hat, and bowed to the servant girl, and called her mademoiselle, as if she was a lady. Now the reason why the lower classes there are so polite, is because the upper classes are polite and civil to them."

☞ A NOVEL SCENE IN CHURCH.—A congregation in Wisconsin was almost driven to the brink of despair recently, in consequence of the unexplained absence of the pastor, when the sexton rose in his seat with awful solemnity and said: "There has been a duplex arrival of the mail. Our worthy shepherd has two little lambs added to his flock. Twins, brethren, twins. Let us pray."

☞ Punch says that in some parts of England the water is so hard that skating on it is kept up all through the summer.

☞ The population of Oregon is about 91,000; Washington Territory, 30,000.

☞ For the benefit of young girls who are impatient to put on trained skirts, it may be stated that the Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria, now nearly sixteen years old, has never yet worn anything but short dresses, even upon the grand occasion of a "drawing-room" reception, when court trains are universal.

☞ It is announced by cable that the Pope accepts the new situation at Rome, by receiving from the Italian government his first month's allowance of $50,000.

☞ Those cheerful Adventists are ciphering up their "time and times," etc., to prove that the European war is the "pouring out of the seventh vial" or something.

☞ An Irishman calling at a drug store to get a bottle of liniment, for the rheumatism, the druggist asked him in what part of the body it troubled him most. "Be my soul," said he, "I have it in ivery houl and conner er me."

☞ A farmer complains that when he takes his wheat to have it ground he finds a very large part of it is subject to mill-due.

☞ Governor Geary, in response to an inquiry recently, telegraphed from Harrisburg to Washington as follows: "I have just paid a personal visit to Senator Cameron, and found him in his library, in nearly his usual health. Yesterday he had a chill on his way from Washington to Baltimore, which passed off without serious consequences." The story of the stroke of apoplexy is said to be an invention.

☞ A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

☞ During a heated discussion on the European war, one of our citizens affirmed that if Bismarck is a scamp, then Louis Napoleon is a scamper.

☞ Boston has recently discovered that some of her prominent merchants have been smuggling gin and whiskey. Tate, on top of the discovery by Tilton of Boston Fulton! Is fallen, fallen, Boston, that great city.

☞ The Prince and Princess of Wales are visiting Eugenie at Chislhurst.

☞ It is reported that England, Prussia, and Italy, have acquiesced in the candidacy of the Duke of Aosta for the Spanish crown.

☞ Four missing boats of the Cambria have been found, empty, on the coast of Ireland. No trace of passengers or crew were discovered. The stern of the wrecked steamer has drifted ashore at Islay, Scotland. So far as known, there is but one survivor of the disaster—McGartland.

☞ The London Times doubts if England should not, like America, abandon scrupulous neutrality, and afford supplies to both belligerents.

☞ THE WEST VIRGINIA ELECTION.—Partial returns from ten counties show Democratic gains. The Democrats are said to undoubtedly carry the First Congressional District, and probably the Third. They also claim to have gained control of the Legislature.

☞ George Eliot says:—"Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless; nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

☞ A king of Sparta was fined for selecting a small woman to be his queen.

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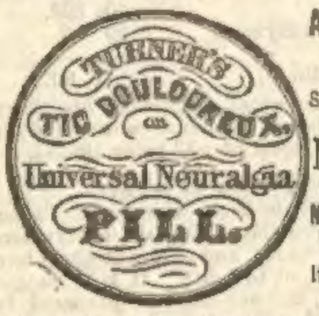

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Napoleon's Correspondence.

The following letters were yesterday discovered among the private papers of the late Emperor—L. N. Bonaparte. They were instantly forwarded to us by our special correspondent. They will be used to-morrow in a mutilated form by less enterprising journals, such as the Tribune and its partners of the Associated Press.

"NEW YORK, May 10, 1860.

"DEAR EMPEROR: I am thinking of writing a biography of you, in the same style as my biography of your Uncle. I shall want to prove that you were never in New York, that you behaved with perfect propriety while you were here, and that you are humble, unambitious, and deeply religious. This will not be a difficult matter, after the success I have made in the case of your Uncle. Still, I shall want a fact or two in the book. Can you not supply me with them? Any small favor you may think fit to send me may be directed to my usual address.

"Yours for truth and justice,

"J. S. C. A. B. B. O. T. T."

"CLICHY PRISON.

"VILLAIN AND USURPER! Your minions have incarcerated me in this vile den on a pretence that I owe a debt which I have not paid. They lie, wilfully and malignantly. I always pay my debts. Ask Seward if I do not. He remembers how I paid him the little debt I owed him, when I defeated his Presidential aspirations. Release me at once, or the Tribune will show your rotten Empire no mercy. If I am at liberty this evening I will send you a prize strawberry plant, and a copy of my work on political economy. If I am not at liberty by the time mentioned, beware. Smalley shall be sent to Paris as the Tribune's special correspondent, and you'll see the sort of news about your infamous court that he'll be instructed to send home.

"Yours Profanely, H. G."

"BERLIN, July 1, 1870.

"TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH: His Majesty, the King, instructs me to say that he shall do just as he pleases in all affairs public and private. He advises you to attend to your own affairs, and if you have any more propositions for stealing other people's territory, to address them to Russia, or the United States. Prussia is not at present in that line of business. BISMARCK."

"BUREAU OF POLICE, Jan. 1, 1870.

"TO HIS MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR—SIRE: I beg leave to report that M. Rochefort demands the sum of 1,000,000 francs, to be paid at once. Otherwise he will continue to be a patriot, and will abuse Her Majesty, the Empress, with more violence than ever. Both M. Rochefort and M. Flourens are much enraged since their annual stipend has been discontinued.

"PIETRI, *Chief of Police.*"

Other selections from the Imperial correspondence will be shortly laid before our readers. Remember, the only genuine letters are those in Punchinello. All others are garbled forgeries.—*Punchinello.*

Problem.

A New Orleans householder, disturbed by an aged darkey who each day seated himself on his porch and went to sleep in the sun, with upturned head, open mouth and prodigious snore, concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet. "Uph!" he cried, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his fingers clutched nervously the afflicted part. Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to pain. He rolled on the banquette and cried lustily for help. "Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out'n me. I feel him. Oh, golly he's kill'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruding like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh, golly how he do jump and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation. "Drink warm water Uncle Sam and drown him," the lady suggested. Without a moment's hesitation he started for the water plug. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon. "How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the landlady inquired as Sam staggered back to his seat. "I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troubling dis chile; how's dat rat gwine to git out'n dare?"

Railroad Anecdote.

The latest instance of a bold attempt to lacerate the feelings of a lovely woman has been put upon record by a literary man of Brooklyn, and runs thus: A gentleman of that city, well known for his mild and gentle disposition, took the cars recently to attend to some business at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The cars being nearly full, he was obliged to take a seat with a lady, as the young men say, "one of uncertain age." Not *daring* to engage in conversation with her, he remained quietly thinking, until nearing, as he thought, his destination, he ventured to remark, "Is this Elizabeth?" Instantly drawing herself up, she quickly replied, "What do you mean, sir?" Without perceiving that she had made a mistake, he again asked, "Is this Elizabeth?" Furiously turning to him, and with half-frightened air, she screamed out, "You may think you are a gentleman, sir, to address a lady so, but I do not wish to continue any farther talk with you."

The conversation at this point terminated by the stopping of the cars, and the conductor sang in at the door, "All out at Elizabeth!" The gentleman rose and left the cars, but not until he had heard sufficient laughter to convince him of the many perils besetting railroad travelling.

SCIENTIFIC QUESTION SETTLED.—The Chicago Post interests itself pleasantly in a convention of scientific sages, held at Troy: At one of their meetings, it says, "it was proved conclusively that the 'homologies of the synomosal bone indicates the posterior half of the zygomatic arch.' So there need be no further contention about that. The posterior lobe of the zygomatic arch is indicated by the homologies of the synomosal bone. The ignorant creatures who have always contended that it was developed by the macrodactylic oboe of the periphrastic javel must feel cheap enough."

"COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS."

"One dollar for a chair like *this!* Why, I sold the fellow to it this very morning to a poor laboring man, and I let 'im 'ave it for a dollar and a-half, and that was only 'cos he 'ad to work for his livin'!"

"So have I got to work for *my* living!"

"'*Ave* yer? Ah! but *you're a gentleman—compared to him!*"

Anecdote of the War.

A few days after the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate forces, Colonel Y., of the 990th Ohio Volunteers, while in command of a small detachment was on a scout in that portion of the vineyard known as East Tennessee, and not far from the home of Andrew Johnson. Being some distance from camp, and not knowing the country, the Colonel halloed at a log-hut on the opposite side of the river, from the chimney of which the smoke was curling, indicating it to be inhabited. In response to the hail, a thorough-bred, mossy-backed mountaineer, evidently a nabob, counting his wealth by the number of hounds that yelped at his heels, appeared, and through the mingled howls and barks he managed to hear him say:

"What der yer want?"

"Have you heard," said Colonel Y., "that Richmond is taken?"

The mossy-backed mountaineer replied not, seeming to be dumfounded at the announcement.

"Don't you know," continued the gory Ohio chieftain, "that the Yankees have taken Richmond at last?"

The mossy-backed answered that he "hadn't hearn nuthin'."

"Well," said the Colonel, "they have. Can't you give three cheers for the old flag?"

"O, my Lord, Mister Yank!" replied the mossy-backed resident of the cot, "we hain't got but three cheers in the house, and one o' them's a stule!"

No "hooray" to be had there.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN ILLUSTRATION.—A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him; "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or impressing your meaning."

Shortly after the boy was being lectured on generosity: "It's better to give than receive, Johnny, far better; the Bible says so, and I say so."

"Illustrate it, pappy; I think I will understand you better."

Father could not see the application.

A BRITISH livery-stable keeper presented the following bill for the use of a horse:

Anos	10s 00d.
Atakynonymom	00 6.
Tontolhofol	10s 6d.

"which he meanter say," that his charge was for "a horse," and for "a taking of him home," the "total of all" being 10s. 6d.

Disposing of a Spy.

We hear little from Europe of French spies, but Prussian spies are everywhere, bold and ingenious, and scores of them have been already put to death. It is a dangerous business, and one must be prepared for a sudden end. The following is an illustration:

In a Strasbourg hotel some Algerian *tirailleurs*, officers, *sous* officers, and privates were all at breakfast, the first they had eaten in peace for a week. An intruder came in with many bows, and begged permission to place himself at the table, offering to pay his share.

"You don't know me, but I am not quite a stranger to the great army family. Captain Brunet, Twenty-one of the line, is known to some of you, I dare say. He is my very dearest friend, almost my brother."

No one knew Captain Brunet, but his name was a passport among soldiers. The stranger took his *cotolette*, and was chatting easily with his companions, when an officer of the Twenty-first came in.

"*Parbleu!* here is the very man to tell you all about your friend. Lieutenant, allow us to present a friend of one of ours; you know Captain Brunet?"

"What Brunet?"

"Brunet of the Twenty-first."

"No such man in our regiment since I joined it ten years ago."

The stranger is confused; his lively tone is changed. Some Turcos asked the lieutenant:

"Are you sure there is no such man as Captain Brunet?'

"Just as sure as that you are standing there."

"Why, then he must be"—and they begin to close round the stranger.

"*Monsieur* is in our company," said the captain of *tirailleurs*, a solid man. "Go on with your breakfast, sir; shall I hand you the cheese? Take some of this conserve."

Coffee and *chasse*—breakfast was over. The big *tirailleur* called for the bill and paid. Taking the stranger's arm, he walked outside on the sidewalk, drew out his revolver, and blew out the spy's brains.

THE RETURN.

The bright sea washed across her feet,
As it had done of yore;
The well-remembered odors sweet
Come through her open door.

Again the grass his ripened head
Bowed where her raiment swept;
Again the fog-bell told of dread,
And all the landscape wept.

Again beside the woodland bars
She found the wilding rose,
With petals five and heart of stars—
The flower our childhood knows.

And there, before that blossom small,
By its young face beguiled,
The woman saw her burden fall,
And stood a little child.

She knew no more the weight of love,
No more the weight of grief;
She could the simple wild rose move,
And bring her heart relief.

She asked not where her love was gone,
Nor where her grief was fled,
But stood, as at the great white Throne,
Unmindful of things dead.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ Upon searching a burley Englishman, a passenger by the steamship Palmyra, the Customs officers at Boston found one piece of silk, six pairs of gloves, a lot of violin strings, six steel knives and forks, and eighteen spools of thread concealed in the seat of his pantaloons. He declares that he had brought them from Liverpool in this singular place of concealment, "for the sake of convenience."

☞ The downfall of Louis Napoleon recalls the cutting repartee which he is said to have received from Lady Blessington. The Countess had befriended him when he was a poor adventurer in London, and went to Paris to be near him after he had become prosperous. Much to her chagrin, he paid her no attentions; but one day when their carriages were abreast in a thronged street, Napoleon said, "Countess, how long do you expect to remain in Paris?" She answered, with dignified and ominous wit, "Only a short time. How long do *you* expect to stay here?"

AGRICULTURAL.

The Lesson of the Drouth.

The regular agricultural contributor to the New York Evening Post has an article in a late number of that paper, which is eminently useful. We reproduce it here, and hope our readers will peruse it:—

"Never, in our farming experience, have we gone through a more severe drouth. Although we were only four weeks without rain, the heat was so intense, and the consequent demands on vegetation for moisture so great, that they suffered as we have never known them to suffer before. With ten acres of roses, carnations and garden vegetables, raised for market, and a wide area of farming land under the plough and in grass, we have had varied opportunity to watch its effect, and to study its action under different circumstances. So far as we can judge from our own experience, the only sovereign remedy is abundant manuring, coupled with drainage and cultivation. Ten acres of corn on land that hitherto has shown the effect of even a slight drouth, has grown without intermission, and seems almost to have disregarded the unfavorable weather. Three years ago this field was a heavy wet clay, that was 'putty in winter, and bricks in summer.' During one part of the season the moisture excluded the air, and during the remainder it was so compactly baked that air could not enter it. Two years ago it was thoroughly underdrained with tiles four feet deep and forty feet apart, and the effect of this is now beginning to be felt. Last fall it was very heavily coated with very rich manure, which lay on the surface all winter. This season, just before planting time, the land was ploughed to a depth of not more than four or five inches, and was subsoiled as deeply as possible, which, owing to the ungenerated character of the soil, was not more than four or five inches more. The crop came up regularly and went off rapidly from the word 'go.' The shallow ploughing kept the manure near the surface, and the soil turned up was probably all permeated to a greater or less extent by the soluble parts of the manure which had been washed in by the rains, and which had helped to develope a very vigorous sod. By the time the drouth commenced, the roots had penetrated so deeply into the soil that they found sources of moisture beyond the reach of the drouth. Constant horse-hoeing and hand-hoeing had made the soil so loose that it was easily penetrated by the moisture-bearing air, which gave up its water to the cooler particles of the lower and shaded earth.

"The effect has been that while other corn fields in the neighborhood have suffered severely from drouth, the growth on this has been all that could be desired, and the fruiting is even stronger than it would be reasonable under any circumstances to hope for.

"Although grass has been pinched to a minimum, roses have produced only miniature buds, late potatoes have stood still in their growth, cabbage and celery plants have died in the seed bed, luxuriant tomato vines have ceased their growth, and their fruiting and aftermath failed, this one field, that has had fair treatment, is absolutely uninjured, and up to the blessed time when the rain finally came, it showed never a curled leaf.

"Other fields were underdrained and subsoiled, and others not so treated were well manured. It was only when underdraining and subsoiling and manuring were all combined that the land fairly laughed at the heat and dryness, and went on its way rejoicing, as though it had no need of clouds and rain. How much longer it would have continued to grow without rain, it is impossible to guess. But under a test that has robbed trees of their leaves and fields of their grass, it has behaved as though bathed with a thunder shower twice a week.

"It would be curious to compute how much any ordinary farmer would have gained this year, could he have put all his fields in the condition of this one. When we consider that laborers must be paid, and teams fed, and seeds sown, and the manifold work of the farm carried on whether crops are good or bad, we realize the sad loss that the destruction to crops by drouth occasions. And we see that there is no sure way in farming, except the very best way.

"Any man of experience will readily acknowledge that the reason why he has not grown rich faster, is not that he has not worked hard and done his best to save his money, but that what he has made in one season by good luck has been too often swept away the next season by bad luck. It is precisely this element of luck that we should strive to avoid. No man can afford to embark his capital and his labor and his wits in the purchase and management of a well stocked farm, and then hang all his hopes on luck. We had better devote our time to the improvement of our minds and the enjoyment of life than to the working of our farms for the fun of the thing. Unless we can make our farms grow better and our farmers grow richer year by year, we had better busy ourselves about something else; and we can never, with certainty, do this until we can depend on having good crops, whether the season is wet or dry.

"The number is very few of those who can at once drain all their lands that need it, can subsoil wherever they plough, and can give an abundant manuring to all their fields, but if the importance of all these operations were realized, the number who would find means for accomplishing them would year by year increase, and every case of immunity from the soothing effects of such a drouth as we have passed through would convert new men to a faith in the importance of thorough work."

Make the Pigs Fat.

Pigs are scarce, and pork is likely to command a good price. A well-fatted pig brings at least two cents per pound more than one with lare kidneys and thin sides. Eight bushels of corn, with ordinary pigs, that have nearly attained their growth, should give us at least 100 pounds of growth. At 10 cents per pound, live weight, the present price for fat pigs in Chicago, this would give us one dollar a bushel for the corn. But this is not all. If we sell a pig not half fat, weighing say 250 pounds, we should get only 8 cents per pound, or $20. Keep this pig two months, and feed it eight bushels of corn, and it should then weigh 350 pounds, and bring, without any advance in prices, 10 cents per pound, or $35. In this way we get $15 for 8 bushels of corn, or $1.87½ per bushel.

During October, fattening pigs should be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. It is poor economy to feed them on nubbins, or soft immature corn. Better give such corn to the cattle or to milch cows. But if it *must* be fed to fattening pigs, let them at any rate have one or two meals a day of sound corn. And take pains to induce them to eat as much as they can digest.

The chief points in fattening pigs are:—Comfortable quarters, a constant supply of water in a separate trough, regular feeding, and undisturbed sleep. As to how long it will be profitable to continue the fattening, we know of no better test than the amount of food consumed. A two hundred pound pig, that is doing well, will eat at least a bushel of corn a week—and if he eats more and digests it, you may be pretty sure he is growing rapidly and is paying well for feed; but as he gets "filled up" he will eat less, and so long as this is due to his being more quiet and contented, and to sleeping more, it is little or no disadvantage—but when it arises from loss of appetite, or impaired digestion, there is little profit in keeping him longer. A three hundred and fifty or four hundred pound pig, that cannot be induced to eat more than three quarts of corn meal a day, must be gaining very little, and had much better be killed and put into the pork barrel. —*American Agriculturist.*

Be Just to Your Horse.

This is the advice of the American Stock Journal:—We sometimes see men having the care of horses, whipping the animals because they do not understand their wishes. Many a time the leader horse or mule is unmercifully beaten for no other reason than that the driver's order is not understood. If the driver in such a case should speak gently to the leader, pat him a few minutes on the neck to reassure him of his friendship, take hold of the bridle, and lead him a few steps in the direction he wishes to go, and all this without any excitement or anger on his part, the leader will always do his best to please him.

In driving a horse to a carriage, however gentle and well-trained he may be, something may happen to alarm or frighten him; this is no fault of his—he cannot help it. All he needs is a word or two of encouragement, gently spoken, to reassure him of his master's presence, and that it is all right. There should be no whipping done. The driver should recollect that he acts alarmed or frightened, too, sometimes, and would think hard of being whipped for it.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 70 letters.
My 41, 28, 62, 40, 1, 70, 25, 19, 55, 43, 14, is a gem in the form of a lock of hair.
My 18, 52, 16, 5, 46, 57, 64, 10, 31, is a species of coarse grass.
My 37, 4, 48, 17, 9, 20, 33, and 18, 35, 53, 30, bring sorrow and shame to many homes.
My 6, 22, 42, 54, 45, is an Italian silver coin.
My 65, 32, 27, 47, 66, 7, 63, is a large, voracious fish found in northern seas.
My 2, 12, 29, 8, 38, 67, 44, 11, 50, is a plant of the genus "Cactus."
My 51, 58, 39, 28, 34, 60, 56, 50, is a silver coin of small value.
My 3, 61, 36, 15, 15, 63, 24, 30, is the name of a military order founded by Renalus of Anjou.
My 68, 10, 21, 49, 59, 69, is a plant cultivated for the agreeable, aromatic flavor of its seed.
My whole is a couplet from Pope's Moral Essays, Epistle 3d.

MARY E. BENSON.
Louisville, Ky.

Riddle.

My 1st is in night, but not in day.
My 2d is in June, but not in May.
My 3d is in smile, but not in sport.
My 4th is in Sherry, but not in Port.
My 5th is in blues, but not in mope.
My 6th is in Saint, but not in Pope.
My 7th is in houses, but not in tax.
My whole is a novel, founded on facts.

DOT AND DASH.
Plainville, Ohio.

Problem.

The steamers Gazelle, Argo and Arno leave Charleston at the same time for Enterprise, a distance of 28 miles; the Argo, running seven miles per hour, arrives an hour before the Arno. At what time before the Argo should the Gazelle arrive, that her speed of running per hour may exceed that of the Argo, as the Argo's exceeds the Arno's?

EGO GEO.
Enterprise, S. C.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

If the diameter of one end of a spherical zone is 24 inches, the diameter of the other end 20 inches, and the height of the zone 4 inches, what is the solidity of the zone?

E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Ans.—Because it hurts the pupil.

☞ Why is a woodchuck like a sausage? Ans.—Because it's a ground hog.

☞ What shape is a kiss? Elliptical (a lip tickle.)

☞ Why should dentists be entitled to class with artists? Ans.—Because they all draw.

☞ Why don't farmers like a bad summer? Ans.—Because it goes against the grain, of course.

☞ Why cannot a family of girls be photographed? Ans.—Because there is no son (sun.)

☞ What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? Ans.—He took a fly and went home.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"In the lexicon of youth which Fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail!"—*Richelieu*, Act II., Scene 2. RIDDLE.—Tam O'Shanter.

RECEIPTS.

MIXED, OR INDIAN PICKLE.—The basis of this is usually sliced cabbage, and cauliflower broken into bits and put into brine. After these are ready, they are covered with spiced vinegar; and then such pickle materials, fruits, or vegetables as occur during the season, are added from time to time, taking care that the newly added things are covered by the vinegar. At the close of the season the vinegar is drained off, heated to the boiling point, and poured over the pickles; this is repeated two or three times, when the pickles are stored away for use, and are usually better the second year than the first. In the making of the spiced vinegar, probably no two will agree. As a suggestion we give two recipes. The various directions differ greatly, the chief object seems to be to get in enough spice. In looking them over, we are reminded of the toper's directions for making punch, "too much of lemons, sugar and whisky, and not enough water." One recipe gives: Vinegar, 6 pints; salt, ½ lb.; bruised ginger root and whole mustard seed, 2 oz. each; mace, 1 oz.; shallots, ½ lb; Cayenne pepper, a dessert spoonful, and some sliced horseradish. Simmer together for a few minutes, then put into a jar and cover close. Another, claimed to be "very superior," directs for each gallon of vinegar 6 cloves of garlic, 12 shallots, 2 sticks of sliced horseradish, 4 oz. bruised ginger, 2 oz. whole black pepper, 1 oz. allspice, 12 cloves, ½ oz. Cayenne pepper, 2 oz. mustard seed, ½ lb. mustard (ground) and 1 oz. turmeric. All the above, except the mustard and turmeric, are put into the jar with cabbage and cauliflower, and other pickle vegetables, and the vinegar boiled and poured over them. The ground mustard and turmeric are to be made into a paste, with cold vinegar added.

MELON MANGOES.—The late, small, and smooth muskmelons are used for this pickle. Cut out a plug at the stem end, or, as some prefer it from the side; scrape out the contents, replace the plug and secure it with a wooden pin, and put the melons thus prepared into a strong brine. When they have been in the brine for twenty-four hours or more, they are ready for stuffing. The stuffing is made of any pickle material at hand; shredded cabbage, broken cauliflower, small onions and cucumbers, green beans, peppers, mustard seed, nasturtiums, scraped horseradish, and the like. Cabbage and the other stuffing, except the aromatics, are better for being scalded and cooled. Stuff the melons according to fancy, and then sew each plug in its place by means of a needle and coarse thread. Place the stuffed melons in a jar, add cloves, pepper, and other desired spice, and pour boiling vinegar over them. Repeat the scalding of the vinegar for three days in succession.—*American Agriculturist.*